THE SCHOOL OF VIRTUE.

A NOVEL,

ON A NEW PLAN,

INSCRIBED TO HER MAJESTY,

BY A GENTLEMAN OF THE TEMPLE.

Vero nihil verius,
Sola virtus invicta.
HOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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THE SCHOOL OF VIRTUE.

VOL. I.

TO

THE QUEEN'S

MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

THE following Sheets, upon a Liberal Plan of Compoſition, are moſt humbly inſcribed to your Royal Perſon, as the Patroneſs of Virtue, Morality, and Religion,

BY YOUR MAJESTY'S,

MOST FAITHFUL, LOYAL,

DUTIFUL, SUBJECT

AND SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

TEMPLE, 1787.

PREFACE.

THE neceſſity of reformation in the modern ſyſtem of novels, is obvious to every reader of taſte and judgment.—The general plan upon which events are founded to carry on a train of incidents in modern compoſition, is not the repreſentation of nature, in ſhewing things as they occur in human life;—but an artificial colouring, to pleaſe the imagination at the expence of com-

mon ſenſe and reaſon;—by portraying, in an extravagant manner, the hero or heroine of the narrative, to be all perfection;—paſſing through the ſcenes of action with ſuch eclat, that ſimple nature has nothing to do in the romantic exploits that are performed;—ſacrificing at all hazards the complexion of truth, probability, and propriety, to preſerve the favorite of the narrative from all terreſtrial misfortunes; precluding the cruſh of accidents, the invaſion of diſtempers, and the horrors of death!—Thus finiſhing

niſhing the piece egregiouſly daubed,—and varniſhed romantically extravagant and outré.

The plan laid down in the following narrative is quite counter to the foregoing method, being a faithful tranſcript from the volume of human nature;—wherein hyperbole is utterly excluded, and regular deliniations are attempted, to diſcountenance vice and reward virtue.—Yet to perform the latter, the fenced field of probability is not overſtept;—but a continued view of it preſerved throughout the

the performance.—The colouring is without elaborate art or ſlovenly careleſſneſs,—for either of them are diſguſting;—ſo that no character is introduced that performs a part either above or below the regulated ſtandard of nature.

In this work the reader may find ſome digreſſions, which are intended to ſerve ſuch ends as ſecure a pardon for the liberty;—for rational inſtruction is the ſole aim of ſuch deviations from the uſual method of narration.

The

The ſtile will perhaps be found on a different plan to that uſed by noveliſts,—but an elevation is attempted;—yet the common place adoption of egotiſm is exploded:—this compoſition being chiefly deſigned for the uſe of the fair ſex, to give them a taſte for the ſtudy of ſcience, ſo far as the cauſe of virtue, morality, and religion will permit.

Many objections may be made to the innovation by this plan, but every perſon of rational endowments will coincide in the opinion of

of that excellent genius, Shakeſpeare, who obſerves, "That in many privileged practices, they would be better in the breach than the performance or obſervance."

Hoſtis honori invidia,
——Probum non pœnitet.—Hor.

THE

THE SCHOOL OF VIRTUE.

IN the delightful County of Devon lived Sir William Howard, a Baronet of diſtinguiſhed abilities; whoſe ſentiments in the grand council of the Nation were on ſeveral occaſions applauded by every member, who, like him, wiſhed for the proſperity of his country, before that of degrading ſelf intereſt;—poſſeſſing at once the real and uncommon titles of patriotiſm and honeſty:—for then, as well as at this time, theſe two epithets bore a different ſignification.

nification.—But leſt my fair readers ſhould ſuppoſe I mean to deſcant on the theory or practice of Politics, I ſhall at once drop the digreſſion, and proceed.

Sir William's houſe was an antient gothic ſtructure, not raiſed by lofty towers or turrets, nor in the gaudy uplifted tinſelled fronts of modern piles, as the manſions of many of our new created families of faſhion are,—but in a more noble ſtile, tho' not overlooking the reſidence of humbler life, only in the front, an unobſtructed view of the ſea ſhore for many miles, in ſerene weather, might be enjoyed; adding an unlimited proſpect of the ſea, which in a calm clear day was only to be loſt in the ſenſible horizon of ſight, which of an evening at the ſetting of the glorious luminary of light and heat, ſeemed not only beautiful in the extreme, but an awful emblem of ſolemn thought;—for who could

could look on the unparalleled colouring of the glaſſy deep, without contemplating on the ſupreme being, who out of nothing, ſuch great and beautiful elements created?—Here it was that the worthy Baronet, at the cloſe of day, ſpent many edifying and ſatisfactory hours, whereby he digeſted a happy theory into real practice;—conſidering wiſely, for what end he was ſent into a probationary ſtate as a free agent, whereby the choice of life or death were given.—Nor did the early dawn riſe from her grey mottled pillow, without the Knight's viſit to the ſeat of his well earned wiſdom, for ere the golden mantle, embroidered with precious gems of the bluſhing morn was perceived, the pious man had invoked the protection and direction of the beneficent being, to whom he owed the whole of his happineſs and affluence; ſo that with the riſing

Planet of Glory, he was ready for an audience,—which was never refuſed to the meaneſt who ſtood in need of his advice, aſſiſtance, or relief: For his doors were open to his friends, acquaintance, the traveller, the indigent, or oppreſſed. Thus was humanity made a regular and unerring ſyſtem,—philoſophy only refined the impreſſions, ſo that the beautiful ſublimity of Religion was the true finiſher of Sir William's works,—never daring to attempt any thing that would not admit the touchſtone of that exalted ſtandard,—ſhe always being ranked the criterion of order.—So far let me ſketch the outlines of this truly good and worthy character;—for envy ſhrunk at his preſence, nor dared calumny to ſpread her baleful exhalations where his name was mentioned,—for fame (for once) had founded with ſolid grounds the worth of Howard's name—

in

in proclaiming the daily exercise at Howard's Castle,—such being the name his mansion bore.

Sir William's domestics were not numerous, having only those who were fit to execute with faithfulness his daily commissions; to distribute not only at Howard's Castle, but also at the respective residence of the afflicted or distressed, who had, by proper application, made known their cases,—therefore the profligate, the idler, and profane were excluded. Three male servants, with two females, composed the whole of his family. His Lady, who had for many years shared with him the blessings of the poor, was some time since departed from a transitory state, to enjoy the everlasting crown laid up for her, and all those who piously follow her in the paths of virtue and christian piety. But ere they parted, had given repeated

pledges of their love, which the deity, for his wiſe ends, had as oft called hence to celeſtial happineſs; yet did not wholly decline the grant ardently wiſhed in their mutual prayers—for an heir was left to perpetuate the worthy name aſſumed in that illuſtrious family.—Henry was his name, who was now in habits of general cuſtom, making a grand tour of Europe, in order to finiſh an education which had been liberal indeed; —for early had his parents inſtilled the ſeeds of virtue, morality, and religion into his mind, which was well capacitated to receive the impreſſions, being naturally ſtrong and very ſuſceptible of implanting on a large ſcale the greateſt depths of underſtanding; whereby expanded ideas could reach the greateſt heights, whilſt extention was unlimited. Since this period, proper preceptors, with the aſſiſtance of an univerſity, had finiſhed

finiſhed what the Britiſh Iſland could afford in the grand reſearches of knowledge, to be of real ſervice in the rugged road thro' life.

Henry was now arrived at an age of manhood, having attained his twenty-ſecond year; for tho' his ſtudies were partly finiſhed before that period, yet his father, wiſely conſidering the danger of evil impreſſions, and the conſequences of bad examples—digreſſionally made applications of all the various courſes continental travellers or reſidents uſually practiſed, and the reſult of corrupted minds, faithfully pourtraying the uſe that might be deduced from a knowledge of men and manners in other countries; at the ſame time, by an eaſy aſcent, mounting his ideas above the meridian of modern taſte, ſo far as the ſlaviſh habits of imitation in dreſs, gambling, or exceſs in pleaſures of a ſenſual com-

complexion;—wiſely remarking to his ſon, the many amateurs in ſcience, and the few who poſſeſſed real talents which would argue the name of merit. Thus comparitively oppoſing the advantages and diſadvantages of the uſual method of finiſhing a polite education in travelling—to ſee the manners and cuſtoms of the moſt enlightened and truly poliſhed courts of Europe,—a practice really worthy of continuance, and of real utility to form the mind, ſo far as liberality of ſentiment, a regard to religion, a pure taſte for improvement in arts and ſciences, with obſervations in the real practice of reading of men, to be able to point out the general propenſity, whether good or evil, of the various nations when contraſted, ſo as to carry thither no prejudice, nor to bring from thence the leaſt colouring of a depraved taſte; but to go out a man of caution, and return

turn a man of experience; refined by a true notion of virtue, honor, and liberality. Thoſe were the ſhort contents of Sir William's repeated leſſons to his ſon, previous to his ſetting out on his travels; which were liſtened to with dutiful attention, and carefully retained for practical uſes.—Being thus provided with neceſſary inſtruction, a competent knowledge of the acquiſitions that he was to obtain, the dangers he was to avoid, and aſſiſted by the counſel and tuition of a reſpectable gentleman in holy orders, as his preceptor, we ſhall not heſitate to proclaim, that great were the expectations of Sir William, from the conſequent poliſh his ſon ſhould acquire by two or three years reſidence on the continent.

Henry had now been abſent nearly three years, without any extraordinary occurrence, except his intelligence and de-

deſcription of the ſeveral towns, cities, and countries he viſited, all of which were with a preciſſion peculiar to himſelf narrated with a ſtrict adherence to truth; yet in ſo animated and chaſte a method, with an elegance of ſtile, that gave repetitions of pleaſure to Sir William, to find his labour well beſtowed in the cultivation of his ſon's morals,—that aſſured him alone, that he would be an ornament to the ſphere he was likely to revolve in; as integrity of heart, uſually termed (by the higher ranks of life) honor, was a principle, poſſeſſed without a ſpot or blemiſh by his ſon, which Sir William carefully reminded him to regard as a jewel of ineſtimable value.

The exigency of ſtate was now on the eve of calling Sir William to attend his duty in parliament, when Henry wrote to his father; he wiſhed to know his pleaſure

pleaſure relative to his return to England, expreſſing a deſire to ſee him, and to receive further uſeful leſſons in practical knowledge, having ſeen a ſufficiency of human life, few of the maxims whereof he choſe to adopt, preferring the manly cuſtoms and liberal ſentiments of Briton, to all thoſe of the Continent. To this requeſt Sir William immediately attended, and in reply to his ſon's letter gave him to underſtand, he ſhould be glad of his return; as his intentions were to vacate his ſeat in the houſe, wiſhing to decline in favor of him.

Whilſt the period of this interval was paſſing over, Sir William amuſed himſelf with the happineſs of ſeeing his accompliſhed ſon return in a few days.

One evening, in the month of September, nearly about the autumnal equinox, when the ſun is ſuppoſed to

enter

enter the firſt ſcruple of Libra, or the Balance, which makes equal day and night in every quarter of the globe, and conſequently riſe ſudden ſqualls of wind, therefore a dangerous ſeaſon for ſhips in narrow ſeas;—about the ſetting of the ſun, Sir William, from the leaden terrace of his manſion, eſpied ſomething of the appearance of a ſail, (a word uſed as a ſea phraſe on a ſight of a ſhip at ſea) however the ſudden change of the approaching night brought on an unuſual darkneſs, accompanied with an awful ſky, overcaſt with clouds of foreboding danger; the winds ſounded hollow, and ſeemingly mourned the fate of victims decreed to an untimely viſitation; whilſt the waves in ſadneſs ſeemed diſturbed by the gathering of vivid flaſhes of lightning, that ſeemed alſo determined to be active in the approaching ſcene.—Quickly the diſtant

tant view of the veſſel was interrupted; the face of nature ſeemed all at once hid beneath the towering clouds, which like fleeces overwrapt each other.—Now was Sir Williams's conjectures rouſed; his mind was agitated exceedingly; in vain were his endeavours to calm the tumult of aſſembled paſſions; reaſon, fortitude, and all the auxiliary ſolacing of reſignation barely afforded relief, ſo great was his anxiety;—for probability ſeemed ſo nearly allied to truth, that his powers were almoſt duped into a belief that the ſhip juſt now in ſight was freighted with the ſafe conveyance of his ſon and his attendants; here he immediately checked his groundleſs ſuſpicions, by a ſucceſſion of ideas that cleared up the gloomineſs of his imagination.—"What," ſaid he, "ſhall I doubt of the providence of God, whoſe hand has hitherto been ſtretched forth to guard me from misfortunes? forbid

forbid it heaven!—but I am a ſon of frailty, yet I hope my fall ſhall be to riſe again, therefore let the will of heaven be fulfilled." A ſhort ejaculatory prayer to the divine being cloſed Sir William's ſoliloquy. He then haſted from the terrace, the elements beginning their emulative ſtrife. Rain poured down in torrents,—lightning flaſhed in liquid ſheets,—the winds howled in hoarſe bellowings, accompanied with dreadful claps of thunder;—thus a hurricane ſet in.

Calmneſs nevertheleſs ſat now triumphant on Sir William's brow, tho' an innate principle of ſomething more than ordinary, filled at intervals the ſcope of his imagination.

At an advanced hour of night Sir William ordered his domeſtics to retire to reſt, yet from him ſleep had fled; and ſo much the ocean gained upon his thoughts,

thoughts, that he ſat direct in view of the boiſterous element; carefully watching each ſucceeding wave that ſurfed on the adjacent beach.—'Twas now about the laſt hour of night, the clock having recently ſtruck twelve,—the ſky ſeemed more clear,—the ſable face had partly diſappeared, tho' the winds were ſtill more ſtrong, and had ſet to the ſouth weſt point,—a pale yellow had butted the riſing of the blaſt,—the ſtorm was completely ſet; at th's juncture the knight perceived the ebbing ſurf of more than common ſize had left behind ſomething of the appearance of trunks or cheſts of baggage;—forthwith he rung his alarm bell, his ſervants inſtantly attended, but ſcarce were they collected, before a ſecond appearance of a wreck was ſeen, from whence proceeded a lamentable cry of diſtreſs in the extreme.—This was more than Sir William's breaſt could

could ſuſtain,—he ruſhed forth in frantic ſtrides, beckoning the inſtant attendance of his domeſtics, which was obeyed implicitly,—a few minutes opened the ſcene, and revealed a ſight more than can be deſcribed in the ſadneſs of repreſentation:—Several mangled bodies thrown from the wreck,—others in pitiable efforts endeavouring to eſcape, whilſt the yawning deep enveloped her prey!—In vain did the good Knight exert all his ability;—to conteſt with winds and waves was more than he dared,—deſpair had invaded the thoughts of thoſe who were minded to give relief,—the ſight was too piercing a ſpectacle, where no alleviation could take place,—the whole crew were ſeen to ſink beneath the briny ſurface!—Here Sir William broke ſilence, "Alas! what avails our boaſted ſtrength, our greateſt power, our moſt uſeful faculties?—nothing!

thing! when heaven's high will oppoſes our intentions.—Tho' human creatures are in the greateſt need of timely aid at ſome few yards diſtance, yet we cannot afford the ſmalleſt relief."—Juſt now ſunk the laſt victim to the mercileſs waves!—"ſee the havock!—ſee the wretched appearance of lifeleſs mortals! behold the mangled limbs of both ſexes! —but ſee what this laſt ebb has left?—a woman's body!—yes!—no contuſion, —perhaps not quite dead;—ſhe was the laſt the mighty flood was ſatiated with, —hither bear the corps,—if returning life ſhould animate the body, then are all our cares happily beſtowed."

Thus ended the good man's reverie.—He haſted to his houſe to adminiſter all that humanity could dictate, to recover the perſon whom his ſervants had conveyed thither; leaving an old man to watch what the ſea ſhould caſt up, and bring

bring tidings if the caſe required aſſiſtance.

In leſs than an hour's application Sir William's efforts were crowned with ſucceſs,—reanimation ſucceeded the ſeeming diſſolution,—the delicate frame of a charming young lady began to exerciſe its wonted functions.—The worthy Baronet knelt down to pay the tribute of thanks and praiſe to God for bleſſing his endeavours, and invoked a continuance thereof.—The young lady with a fervent piety accompanied him, rendering thanks to heaven, and pouring out a bleſſing on her deliverer from the jaws of death; cloſing her lips only thro' faintneſs. A cordial was adminiſtered with effect,—ſhe became herſelf again,—health ſeemed approaching; but reſt being deemed a neceſſary ſupply, ſhe was left in the care of Sir William's houſe-keeper, when ſleep ſeemed a welcome

come gueſt to her wearied ſenſes,—ſo in a profound ſlumber ſhe repoſed on a warm bed, whilſt the Baronet withdrew with his aſſiſtants.

Meanwhile day approached. Sir William, anxious to know the perſon he had reſcued from death, as alſo the names and quality of thoſe who had periſhed in the ſtorm, the ſea being now ſilenced by a dead calm, ſtillneſs ſeemed to be the reigning queen of the morn, whilſt he with his ſervants carefully took up the bodies that remained on the piked rocks of the ſhore; ſhells were provided and ten perſons were coffined for interment, which, with a ſolemn ceremony was performed,—the worthy rector attending his duty with becoming reſpect, ſetting forth to a crowded aſſemblage of neighbouring tenants to the manor, the uncertainty of life,—the poſitive aſſurance of death,—the conſequences of ſudden or unprovided

unprovided death,—the neceſſity of being always ready,—with a pathetic diſcourſe on the heedleſſneſs of youth of both ſexes, in regard to ſeeking their creator in the days of their youth, and the indiſpenſible neceſſity for it, to enſure a bleſſing here, and a happy immortality hereafter; with an alluſion to the life preſerved,—that an early piety was no doubt the cauſe of prolonging it; alſo in weighing much againſt the deteſtable word of chance,—clearly proving, that without the guidance of the celeſtial power, nothing was certain; for tho' wickedneſs might for a time bear the appearance of proſperity and happineſs, yet a certain fearful period of deſtruction awaited the delinquent. The clergyman cloſed his ſermon on the funeral of the drowned perſons, with many ſerious and practical admonitions, requiſitions, and reflections,—ſo that out of the church-

church-yard none departed without a tear of compunction, and a firm resolve to adhere to the words of their Pastor.

When the rites of the dead were ended, Sir William had the papers of the wreck examined, when it was found the ship had cleared from New-York, in America, nine weeks before that period; that she was called the Sisters, John Parsons, Commander; was bound for London, laden with dry goods, and had on board several ladies and gentlemen, as passengers to England. The bad condition of the ship's papers precluded a further information, and put Sir William under the disagreeable necessity to enquire of the young lady the other particulars relative to the voyage, and the number and quality of the persons that were cast away; which, owing to the fatigue and delicacy of her constitution he was obliged to forego for a few days, until

til ſhe ſhould retrieve ſtrength of body and recollected ideas to give a full account of herſelf, being fearful to bring to her recollection any thing that would retard her recovery.

A few days elapſed, during which time an unremitting attention was paid to the young lady's health, in order to eſtabliſh it, which with the care practiced ſoon accompliſhed; yet Sir William was cautious to enquire, leſt a relapſe ſhould be the conſequence.—Whilſt he was ruminating on the late cataſtrophe of the ſhipwreck, the poſt brought him a letter, announcing the ſafe arrival of his ſon, in England, dated from Dover; that he ſhould take in London in his route; and hoped to pay his duty in three days to his honored parent. This filled the good man with a taſte of happineſs he never knew before; it was now, and only at this inſtant, he

he owned his doubts and fears for the ſafety of his ſon. Altho' he betrayed no ſymptoms of fear outwardly, yet a continual diſagreeable phantom of imagination haunted his mind, ſtating a poſſibility,—adding a probability of his ſon being caſt away in the late violent hurricane. Such muſt be the fears of all parents, whoſe feelings are edged with a parental care of tenderneſs and love for their offspring; where gifts of piety are beſtowed on children, their ardor in affection and duty will be the conſequent return; this Sir William knew, therefore enhanced the regard for his amiable ſon.

The expected period of Henry's arrival being nearly advanced, the day being half ſpent, the ſun was declining from his meridianal height, when Henrietta, for ſo was ſhe called, aſked the aſſiſtance of her attendant to dreſs herſelf

ſelf, fancying ſhe ſhould be better by a jaunt in Sir William's coach, which the phyſician that attended her greatly enforced, tho' ſtrenuouſly objected to by Sir William, fearing the ſharpneſs of the air might be too much; however, by the doctor's advice he was over-ruled. She therefore attired herſelf in an elegant ſuit of ſilk, ſuitable for the ſeaſon, richly trimmed with ſable, never having underſtood the fate of her relations; Sir William having conſtantly evaded any converſation on the ſubject, intending to open it by degrees, fearing the fatal effect ſuch a narration as he muſt relate, not knowing what affinity the deceaſed might have been to her; for her attendant conſtantly remarked, the whole ſhip's freight, together with the ſeamen and paſſengers, were all ſaved. The cheſts of Henrietta, wherein her cloaths, money, and jewels were depoſited, being

ing produced, ſeemed to corroborate the truth of the houſekeeper's tale;—but there was too much in the ſequel to reveal,—and the burden was too weighty to conceal.—Thus were Sir William and Henrietta anxious to ſpeak to each other, to ſatisfy their doubts, yet prudential caution retarded him, whilſt the young lady recovered ſufficiently to ſuſtain the ſhock. Notwithſtanding the late miraculous eſcape and the dangers ſhe encountered, Henrietta had recovered moſt ſurpriſingly; ſhe was juſt returned from an hour's excurſion in the neighbourhood, and looked charmingly; her perſon was delicate, her complexion exceedingly fair, her hair of a fine cheſnut, and her ſhape ſo delicately formed, as to compoſe an elegance of perſonage rare to be met with; her eyes were of a dark hazel, liquid and piercing; her countenance had more of

the languiſhing expreſſion in it, than the preſuming pertneſs of modern refinement; ſhe was in every reſpect a finiſhed beauty,—wanting neither teint or ſhade in the compoſition of her agreemens.—Added to this delineation of ſuperficial charms, her mind was enlightened, improved, ſtored, and enriched with every accompliſhment neceſſary for her ſex;—her taſte was elegant and happy, which would have made her a pleaſurable object to look on or converſe with, could her mind be calmed from the doubts and fears which involuntarily ſeized her at times,—yet ſhe feared the ſolution ſo much, as to let it prey upon her patience for a convenient opportunity to enquire of Sir William.

Dinner was preparing and nearly ready, when at the further end of the avenue a carriage appeared in view. Sir William had not power to reſtrain himſelf,

ſelf, but cried out in an ecſtaſy of joy,—"my ſon!—my ſon!"—and then almoſt loſt utterance,—but on recollection, curbed his paſſion, by a timely remark, that he expected his ſon to dinner;—concealing from the young lady the emotion he felt on the approaching interview with him.

Scarcely were their greetings exchanged before Henry arrived, which gave his worthy father an opportunity of an happy embrace.—The ſon returned it with becoming duty and reſpect, and after enquiry of health, Sir William took his ſon aſide, and in a few words gave him a detail of all he knew of the young lady under his care;—the ſtory brought tears of pity into the young man's eyes;—he felt and ſighed for the loſs human nature had ſuſtained;—he ſaid he would, when opportunity preſented itſelf, in a reſpectful manner, pro-

poſe to the lady ſuch queſtions as ſhould lead to a diſcovery of her name and perſon, alſo the relations ſhe had loſt, with other particulars relative to her voyage.—This Sir William approved. —They both inſtantly came into the parlour, where the young lady, the vicar, and phyſician ſat;—the gentlemen both with equal warmth gave joy to Henry on his ſafe return; he likewiſe with becoming zeal gave his friends a kind reply of friendſhip and thanks, and after the uſual ceremony of welcoming, took his ſeat; but before this period had place, the beautiful perſon of Henrietta caught his eye, and with humility and reſpect he gracefully ſaluted the lady, who was not wanting to return the compliment. All parties during dinner enlarged on general topics of converſation, carefully avoiding any ſubject, that might hurt the lady's feelings;- but

as

as ſoon as the cloth was removed, Henrietta opened the buſineſs by a ſincere requeſt to Sir William, (whom ſhe very juſtly ſtiled her deliverer,) if any of the perſons in the wreck had been able to eſcape the fury of the waves?—Sir William, after a little heſitation, ſaid, he feared not,—this anſwer, Henrietta replied, ſhe feared, ever ſince the return of her ſenſes, notwithſtanding the great care of the female that attended her, who had related a contrary ſtory.—Here ſhe could ſcarce refrain from tears, but by the ſoothing of the gentlemen preſent, ſhe forbore to weep; eſpecially on the intreaty of the attracting young traveller, who ſo happily inſinuated himſelf by a reſpectful attention, that ſhe voluntarily wiſhed to relate the particulars of the voyage, in order to form an opinion of the ſafety of her friends. She gave them to underſtand that ſhe

was the youngeſt daughter of Lord Colville, whom ſhe hoped was then alive and well, as alſo the lady her mother; that in conſequence of her ſiſter's being married to a field officer, who had a particular command of ſome of the King's troops in America, ſhe had been prevailed on to go with her to the continent, to which quarter ſhe was accompanied by her brother, who held a commiſſion under her ſiſter's huſband. That on the ſhip ſpringing a leak in the channel, her brother, ſiſter, and her ſiſter's huſband, the captain, and ſeveral others, had taken to the long boat; but owing to a ſudden guſt of wind, they could not, or rather would not, bring too the veſſel; thoſe who remained on board being partly ungovernable, the mate refuſing to permit her to go into the boat with her friends, ſo that ſhe was forced away from her relations by

a man, who, had he ſurvived, ſhe had the greateſt reaſon to dread his unlawful attachments.—Here the knight interrupted her by a thankſgiving, in which the pious vicar added, "that the evil man ſeeks his own deſtruction;" but each aſking pardon of the lady, deſired her to proceed, to which ſhe replied, her ſtory was but a few words more;—that there were three females and ſeven males in the ſhip, when they parted company from the long-boat, and that two of thoſe females were her attendants; the other being an old lady, who had reſided many years abroad, and was returning to her native country to die, as ſhe expreſſed.—As for the men who had periſhed in the ſhip, they were all of a deſperate fortune, who neither regarded themſelves or thoſe under their care; for in her opinion, a port might have been attained, had they been unanimous

nimous in their opinion; but ſhe had ſome reaſon to think, rapine was the prevalent gloſs under which they acted, and loſt their lives thro' a deſign of enriching themſelves by the money on board,—as the mate acknowledged in the hour of danger;—"ſo, to the providence of God," ſaid ſhe, "do I owe my miraculous eſcape from the wreck.—But my dear brothers and ſiſter!"—A flood of tears prevented her from proceeding,—when Henry addreſſed himſelf to the lady,—"madam," ſaid he, "let me give you joy; the general, who is your brother, (I preſume,) your ſiſter, and the honorable Mr. Colville, who is a captain in general Mounſey's Regiment, were, on the eve of the hurricane, picked up by a French Coaſter, and brought into Havre de Grace, from whence they arrived in England three days ago. I had the honor to be in their company,—

but

but ocular demonſtration will corroborate what I now affirm to be truth," ſhewing the lady the London news paper, wherein the ſhip, and thoſe concerned in piratically carrying her away, were advertiſed; alſo, a reward of five hundred pounds offered by Lord Colville, for the recovery of his daughter. Here the lady's tranſport was more than her tender frame could bear,—ſhe ſwooned away in the arms of Henry, who, with the doctor's aſſiſtance ſoon brought her to her ſenſes, which for a few minutes ſhe could not perſuade herſelf to be poſſeſſed of; but on the Baronet's remonſtrance, ſhe with tranſport thanked the gallant Henry, who was the meſſenger of Heaven, in diſburdening her from an inſupportable load of anxious cares and troubles.—The gentlemen each congratulated her on the happy tidings of her friends;—her

eſcape

eſcape from the ſnares of a wicked man,—and happy revival from the jaws of death;—and ſhe, with an audible voice, and a chriſtian ſolemnity, rendered thanks for the mercies and bleſſings ſhe had recently received;—in which the gentlemen with one accord joined, commending her to that beneficent being for future protection. After this muſic was propoſed, and Henrietta diſplayed her finiſhed talents on the organ. This being over, Sir William informed Henrietta, that he was well acquainted with Lord and Lady Colville, her parents; and that he ſhould write by the return of the poſt, to acquaint them of her ſafety,—to which ſhe thankfully aſſented.

Night having gained upon them, it was judged time to withdraw by the vicar and the doctor; and Sir William and his ſon paying their compliments

to

to Henrietta, each of them repaired to a place of repoſe.

It was ſome time before Henry could conquer his revolving ideas, to permit ſleep to ſooth him, for the lovely image of Henrietta was conſtantly in his view; he found an impreſſion already engraved, —he flouted the fanciful notion of love, yet could not ſay to what other paſſion he could attribute his ſituation.—After repeated queries and anſwers, ſolus, he was unable to determine the point; ſo let ſleep gain dominion without a ſatiſfactory inveſtigation. Henrietta was no leſs diſturbed;—but to yield to love's impreſſions at firſt ſight, ſhe deemed romantic to a degree;—however, yielded to ſleep before ſhe made a deciſion.

The morning approached, when Sir William, after paying his uſual tribute of thanks to the deity, went up ſoftly to his ſon's apartment; but how great was

his

his ſurprize, and how pleaſing his reflection, when he heard him paying his tribute to God!—Hear this, ye ſons of diſſipation,—ye nocturnal revellers!—to what end is your rendezvous?—only for one minute conſider the difference of a virtuous and an immoral character! learn from hence true wiſdom and real underſtanding;—for in the hour of death neither right honorable, moſt honorable, moſt noble, or even majeſty itſelf, can calm the pangs of a wounded conſcience!—therefore, conſider in time!—To fly from evil company of either ſex is the grand work of reformation,—ſo to neglect ſo great and ſo neceſſary a buſineſs, is more than the catalogue of madneſs or folly can ſet forth;—it is loſing all, both here and hereafter,—for a bubble!—For what ſolid or real ſatisfaction has the ſlave of paſſions?—aſk the miſer,—the gambler,—the ſpendthrift,—the adul-

adulterer,—the defrauder,—or any of the reſt of the wretched tribe;—I anſwer, none!—any of them muſt and will own the ſame.—Therefore a clear conſcience, upright principles, to do as we would wiſh to be done by,—or, the grand ſyſtem of honor and honeſty, being ſo eaſily learned, and with ſuch pleaſure practiſed, the weakeſt or meaneſt capacity can be an adept in the ſcience in one leſſon,—from hence all the moral and chriſtian duties will follow;—and as the happy myſtery is ſo readily obtained, the attainment needs no comment.

The Baronet's pleaſurable curioſity made him return from his ſon's chamber door without interrupting his duty to his maker, and to go, for the firſt time in his life, on his tip-toes to a young lady's room door;—where, to his like ſatisfactory ſurprize, he heard her repeat her morning hymn!—Hear this, ye daugh-

daughters of eve, ye ſlaves to dreſs and faſhion! ye light-headed frail votaries of pleaſure!—I aſk you, how oft, in the whole courſe of your lives, you have, either night or morning, invoked the God of power to protect and direct you?—I am without faith in the anſwer,—therefore I ſhall leave it a blank.—But conſider, your years at moſt can be but few,—that in the grave there is no method of repentance,—that to forget the deity, is an invitation to the grand ſeducer of the firſt of your ſex to make a prey of you,—therefore fly from folly!—your fall is for the moſt part wrought by deceit!—for ſince the days of Eve, who fell by the device of the ſerpent, all her offspring, of the female ſex, are victims to that credulity which firſt brought ſin and death into the world.—If you wiſh to be happy both here and hereafter, abhor that

enemy

enemy to truth, — that croſs-eyed fawner, *Flattery*,—as the rock on which ſo many of your charming ſex are caſt away!—avoid flattery!—that is the monſtrous champion of vice!—it is that deceitful imp that introduces pride, and all her followers;—the conſequences are fatal!—For heaven's ſake avoid this one enemy, and you will conquer all the reſt;—only conſult with truth, the faithful companion of virtue, and you will readily perceive the happineſs that reſults from thence;—accompany this one of virtue's champions, and never fear the reſt; he will lead you to the pleaſant walks of piety and virtue;—'tis theſe alone can inſure you happineſs thro' life! —an eaſy leſſon!—If your mind is once fixed on it, your retention will for ever enſure it to you.—Pray, Ladies, don't be dormant in a work of ſuch importance; it don't preclude any part of your

your dreſs, if ſuited to your ſtation in life;—no not any of your coſmetics;—as effeminate foibles they are not to be accounted a pollution, ſo that decency in their uſage, or a loſs of time is not ſpent in their application.—I ſhould ſay more on the ſubject, but I avoid any digreſſion that might give offence to your ſex; my wiſhes are ſincere for the happineſs of your temporal and eternal ſtate,—therefore don't be angry on reading theſe few lines by way of application;—only reflect, it is yourſelves that are concerned.—A prayer morning and evening, cannot impede any part of your domeſtic duties,—ten minutes each time will ſuffice;—practiſe this rule for one year, then I am ſure you will own *that Novels contain morality, as well as pleaſing narrations*;—as truths are the foundation of this work, I requeſt your attention.

Sir

Sir William practiſed the ſame art here as at his ſon's chamber door, for he went his way without interrupting the lady;—and walked from his manſion to the ſummit of a rock that overhung the flowing tide, which at ebb expoſed a frightful precipice.—Here it was, at half fall of neap tide the ſhip was caſt on thoſe breakers, from which the ten perſons lately wrecked received their death wounds;—it raiſed up the contemplative ideas of this ſon of wiſdom, to the manſions of the deity in the higheſt heaven, in glory to him who is the refuge of the juſt and faithful,—which the perſon of the honorable lady, whoſe life he had ſaved, thro' God's aſſiſtance, he ranked amongſt the moſt valuable of her ſex; ardently wiſhing, that Lord Colville would as readily conſent to the union of his ſon with her as he ſhould:

—with

—with this remark, that their perſons and minds were very much alike.—He then leiſurely walked back, when he found his ſon and Miſs Colville in converſation, which was very agreeable to him;—the moſt reſpectful and affectionate greetings were exchanged.

When breakfaſt was prepared, the Baronet expreſſed a tenderneſs for Miſs Colville, intimating a deſire of Henry's keeping a correſpondence with her, as he was apprehenſive Lord Colville would ſoon deprive both him and his ſon of the happineſs they at preſent enjoyed in her company; ſuppoſing her father would remove her to town on receipt of his letter.—To this Miſs Colville replied, ſhe ſhould ever with gratude to him, and reſpect to his ſon, be much honoured in the correſpondence of either.—Many were the aſſurances of friendſhip that were reciprocally exchanged;

changed; and Henry, fixing his thoughts on the beautiful object preſent, began, at his father's inſtance to deſcribe the various countries he had viſited; making remarks on the manners and cuſtoms of their inhabitants; taking a comparative view of their laws and conſtitutions, oppoſed to thoſe of the Engliſh Nation; which accounts, remarks, and applications highly entertained Miſs Colville and his father, and were ſo agreeable, as to let the forenoon ſteal away inſenſibly, till dinner was on the table.—Thus did three days elapſe in the ſociety of three good perſons, whoſe minds were of the ſame contexture.—The fourth day, pretty early in the morning, a poſt chaiſe and four horſes ſtopt in the court yard, out of which Captain Colville and Lord Dacie ſtept, who were immediately introduced to Sir William, Henry, and Miſs Colville.

The

The Captain thanked the Baronet for the care he had taken of his ſiſter, and related to them the manner of their eſcape from the dangers of the ſeas. After a tender embrace of her brother, Miſs Colville launched out into praiſes of the hoſpitality of Sir William and his ſon, to which the Captain, in a handſome manner expreſſed his obligations, as alſo thoſe of his family;—and gave Sir William to underſtand, that Lord Colville, his Lady, and a young female relation, would the next day arrive to pay their reſpects to him for the care he had taken of their daughter:—which intelligence gave great ſatisfaction to Miſs Colville, Sir William Howard, and his ſon. During the converſation between the Captain and Sir William, his ſon, and Miſs Colville, Lord Dacie ſtood in an awkward poſture, without uttering a word, except a ſalute to the ſtrangers on his

firſt entrance.—The Captain ſeemed ſomewhat embarraſſed at the cavalier behaviour of his friend, who had rivetted his eyes on Miſs Colville, jogging his heel and toe ſo as to make a diſagreeable ſound.—He apologized for him, by obſerving to Sir William, that his friend, Lord Darcie, had borne him company from town; on which Sir William complimented him in aſking how the noble Duke his father, and the Dutcheſs his mother were; to which he anſwered in an affected tone, he ſuppoſed they were very well.—However, the Baronet with his uſual politeneſs and hoſpitality, entertained his gueſts in a ſuitable manner. After dinner, Henry recognized the perſon of my Lord, whom he had ſeen on the Continent, which gave the evening's converſation a general turn; in which the depraved taſte, the ſhallow underſtanding, and the ſuperficial knowledge

ledge of his Lordſhip, was glaringly conſpicuous.—But Henry mildly paſſed over many controverted matters, in which Lord Dacie egregiouſly ſtated them his own way, regarding neither compoſition or diſpoſition in his garrulity.

At an early hour Miſs Colville wiſhed the gentlemen good night, being tired with the inſipid parade of his Lordſhip; as a pellucid vein of libertiniſm was perceptible in all he could enlarge on;—adding, to every other ſentence, an oath of confirmation.

The character which he bore on the Continent, as well as in the Metropolis, which was well known to Henry, was that of a petulant coxcomb; therefore no intimacy ever ſubſiſted between his Lordſhip and Henry,—for in truth they were opponents by principle.

Captain Colville was not ſo; he was nearly in a medium between the two former

former characters, conſequently co-herent to a companion of either diſpoſition,—being compatible to a virtuous or vicious guidance.

The increaſed hour of the clock ſummoned them to reſt.—The morning uſhered in a fine day,—the vicar paid his reſpects, and was ſtayed by Sir William to breakfaſt. Lord Dacie immediately oppoſed the difference of the cloth of the Captain and the Parſon, upon which each party politely gave precedence to the other;— however, the indiſcreet jeſt of the ſhallow-headed hero did not eſcape a ſharp reproof from the lady.—She obſerved, the reverend name commanded reſpect; as alſo the honorable ſervice of a potentate, or national repreſentative;—but then the former certainly had the precedence;—yet in her opinion the latter had a pre-eminence over law or phyſic, which bore

a component ſound, as liberal profeſſions, with Divinity; but wherefore they were tagged together ſhe was at a loſs to ſuggeſt.—However, as a literary character, ſhe appealed to his Lordſhip for a ſolution.—The weakneſs of his underſtanding was immediately diſcovered by the embarraſſment he ſeemed under;—he got up, took his coffee in his hand, walked to the window, ſipped it, and returned;—ſilence reigned univerſal!—upon which, the Captain indiſcreetly burſt forth into an immoderate fit of laughter, ſaying, "my Lord, you are foiled."—Lord Dacie, replied, "I wonder at your obſervation; do you think I reaſon with women?"—and walked to the window again in a pet.—Miſs Colville was not at all diſpleaſed, but with her uſual good humoured aſpect, ſaid,—"my Lord, our ſex thank you,—or in other words, I thank you in their name, for your

your refuſal to ſpeak reaſonably to any of us;—I hope your own ſex may not experience the ſame inconvenience."

Sir William Howard changed the ſubject, fearing an obloquy thrown out by any of the young perſons might tend to a bad conſequence, well knowing, juvenile heat would ſeldom avow, tho' indiſcreetly depart from conſiſtency;—and in general terms, ſaid, "I am certain we have all ſeen the Metropolitan cities of England and France, therefore, I ſhould be glad of your ſeparate opinions, whether we, or our neighbours, have gained the palm with reſpect to taſte and refinement, in arts and ſciences; and which city can boaſt of the moſt ſuperb buildings, ſquares, recreations, and outlets?"

To which Lord Dacie, in a haſty tone replied, "there is no compariſon;—except London bore an analogy, as a

ſhilling to a guinea, if compared with Paris;—for what ſignifies," continued he, "the amplitude of that trading City, when the taſte and elegance of Paris is mentioned?—Can we compare the choaked Thames with the grand River Seine,—whoſe banks are not crowded with buildings, to the water's edge, but a Parade of near an hundred feet in breadth between the houſes and the river?—the parapet wall being low, adds a grandeur to the river, that the muddy Thames cannot preſume to command.—If you look eaſtward towards the Pont Neuf, you have the whole range of the old and new Louvre on one ſide, and the Mazarin College on the other;—look down the river weſtward, the Thuilleries Gardens on one ſide, and the Palais de Bourbon, with the grand Hoſpital on the other, are ſuch views,

views, that London has nothing to compare with them."

"I grant you," ſaid Henry, "that thoſe views are very pleaſing; but your prejudice magnifies more than Newton's teleſcope, as London is at this time one of the firſt cities in Europe, or I may ſay the world:—for tho' the buildings come cloſe to the water's edge, yet there is a convenience that reſults therefrom, which would not be equalled by raiſing a four foot wall to pleaſe the eye of an idle ſpectator.—Tho' we are not without views ſuperior to thoſe you have mentioned;—for, look up from Black-Friar's Bridge, and you take five times the ſcope you ſeem to make the moſt of.—In the firſt place, the Thames is four times the width of the Seine,—our bridges bear the ſame compariſon in length,—for take the Pont Royal and Black-Friar's Bridge, what is the one to

the other?—The Place de Victoires is by no means equal to Groſvenor-Square; —nor the boaſted ſtreet of the Boulevards, equal to Oxford-Street;—nay, the Palais Royal, if diveſted of its tinſelled front, what are the Chambers compared with thoſe of St. James's?"—Here the Captain obſerved, "Gentlemen, I know but little of either London or Paris, tho' our family were the beſt part of a year in the latter.—I ſhall appoint an arbitrator, if you are both willing to abide the deciſion."—Henry replied, "with all my heart,"—his Lordſhip only ſaid, "every one to his own way of thinking, but certainly the French were the moſt poliſhed people."—Sir William rallyed his Lordſhip on calling the ſons of antient freedom into the conteſt;—for it was not perſons but things that were propoſed for illuſtration.—The vicar wiſhed to be neuter, tho'

—tho' he muſt obſerve, that in his time, old England had no rival, if her qualities were known.

Miſs Colville obſerved, that both nations poſſeſſed greatneſs;—in her way of thinking, France could ſay "Paris was great" but England could at the ſame time proclaim, "London was greater."—Sir William complimented her on her ſagacity,—which cloſed the converſation.

The vicar being ſummoned to attend a ſick perſon, and Sir William to decide a controverſy in his official capacity as a juſtice of the peace, the young people were left to converſe by themſelves.

The captain gave Henry a friendly invitation to town, which he very politely declined; alledging, he ſhould not be able to do himſelf the honour.—The arrival of Lord and Lady Colville, with

Miſs Dampier, their niece, was announced, which drew the attention of all parties.—Lady Colville, it is natural to ſuppoſe, was agreeably ſurprized, on ſeeing her ſuppoſed loſt child in Henrietta, not having ſeen her for nearly two years;—his lordſhip, her father, alſo tenderly embraced his daughter;—joy was diffuſed on all ſides at the ſight of each other.—By this time Sir William Howard was releaſed from his ſuppliants, and was highly gratified with the interview; giving them joy in their child, and a hearty welcome to Howard's-Caſtle,—which was anſwered with grateful acknowledgments by Lord and Lady Colville.

The young lady who was come to ſee her couſin Henrietta, with her uncle and aunt, was alſo a couſin to Lord Dacie, being ſiſter's children; ſo that a prox-

proximity of kindred pervaded the ſtrangers at Howard's-Caſtle.

After dinner the ladies and gentlemen ſeparated, upon which Lady Colville gave her daughter to underſtand, that ſhe muſt look upon Lord Dacie in a favourable light in future; as the Duke, his father, and Lord Colville, her father, had agreed upon the match: and that an acquaintance between her and the young Lord, ſo as to ſettle their affections, was the only impediment to protract ſolemnization.—However, her Ladyſhip aſſured her daughter, that notwithſtanding the refractory temper of Lord Colville, if the propoſition did not meet Henrietta's plenary approbation, ſhe hoped to find means to ſecede from the intended union.—Miſs Colville liſtened to her Mother's propoſal, or rather information of her father's intentions;—her father ſhe knew to be abſolute,

ſolute,—her mother humane and tender in her diſpoſition,—yet eaſily overruled;—therefore, Henry's perſonage recurred moſt forcibly to her imagination.—To contraſt him with Dacie, was the extremity of degrees in compariſon.

Miſs Dampier obſerved to Miſs Colville, the rank and fortune of her couſin, Lord Dacie, and the certainty of her arriving to a Ducal coronet, if ſhe gave her hand to the amiable young nobleman, as ſhe ſtiled Dacie;—for Miſs Dampier partook of ſome of his qualities, ſo far as pride, a prepoſterous taſte, a loquacity never to ceaſe, together with prejudiced opinions that were inſurmountable.—She was therefore a perſon whom Henrietta had reaſon to treat with civility as a relation, yet with ſo much prudence, as to guard againſt admitting her into confidence; ſo that her reply was ſuitable.—She obſerved to Charlotte Dampier,

pier, that ſuch things required time to ſeriouſly conſider, — remarking, that altho' life was uncertain, and ſhort in the enjoyment of its pleaſures,—yet marriage was a ſound that conveyed a ſolemnity, and required mature deliberation;—for it was not conditionally for life, but abſolutely ſo, until death calls for a ſeparation. — Charlotte laughed heartily at her Couſin's morality, as ſhe called it, and wiſhed ſome of her acquaintance had heard her.—Lady Colville, in her uſual tender manner waved the diſcourſe, obſerving the levity of her niece, well knowing the flighty turn of Charlotte was oppoſite to the temper of Henrietta;—ſhe therefore jocoſely, deſired Charlotte to deſiſt, by remarking her temper to be like her father's,—alluding to Sir James Dampier, who was Lady Colville's own brother.

The

The Ladies being ſeated at tea, we ſhall take a peep at what the gentlemen were about,—which was ſimply in the antient ſtile of Engliſh hoſpitality,—wine and friendſhip.—Sir William more than once had it at his tongue's end to propoſe an union between his ſon and Lord Colville's daughter, Henrietta,—but juſt as he was determined to open the matter, his lordſhip let the ſecret out, by informing the company then preſent, (Lord Dacie having ſtept to the garden) that that young lord was fixed upon by him and his father, to intermarry with his daughter;—which he judged an excellent match, as he termed it.—Upon which Sir William caſt his eyes towards Henry, whom he perceived was ſomewhat chagrined at Lord Colville's avowal.—Sir William was not ſufficiently collected in his ideas to make any reply; his ſurpriſe was ſo great, to find that

that a lady of ſuch excellent parts as he knew Miſs Colville to poſſeſs, ſhould be made a ſlave to ſuch a ſapſcull as Dacie;—therefore, Lord Colville, and his ſon the captain, were at a loſs to account for the delay of Sir William's anſwer.—Henry at that juncture withdrawing himſelf,—it was a few minutes before Sir William ſpoke to the queſtion;—but then with a great deal of reſerve, and a viſible coolneſs which he could not get over, obſerved, "that Miſs Colville was a lady deſerving of the firſt character in the realm, and was every thing her ſex ought to be."—Lord Colville abruptly replied, "his care was to provide for her maintenance, by chooſing a man, as a huſband for his daughter, who had a ſufficient income to make him independent; and that the young nobleman he was ſo fortunate to make choice of, was heir to an eſtate

of

of fifteen thouſand a year,—there being but a ſiſter to provide for who was two years younger than Lord Dacie; ſo that Henrietta had but little to fear when united with a perſon of the rank and fortune of his lordſhip." Sir William ſeemed to acquieſce, which cloſed the ſubject, Lord Dacie entering the room.

Meanwhile Henry had the pleaſure of converſing with the ladies, who were mutually one and all charmed with his converſation, his vivacity and good humour being properties not to be equalled;—adding, to an elegance of perſon ſcarcely to be met with, an air and deportment manly and noble.

Both Henry and Henrietta knowing the intentions of Lord Colville, tho' ſuppoſing each other ſtrangers to them, it drew their eyes ſo forcibly, that they often met,—and darts of unutterable anguiſh pierced their hearts; ſo that repeated

peated ſighs were heaved involuntarily, which gave the quick-ſighted Charlotte ſome idea of the ſymptoms.—But ſhe dared not utter a groundleſs ſuſpicion, until more corroborating circumſtances occured to enſure her of the orthodox of her belief.

The gentlemen now mixed company, and Henry received a rallying on his effeminacy, to prefer tea before wine.—Here he had the advantage, by making a confeſſion, "that ladies were of that attaching quality, that a permiſſion to be in their company without refreſhments, was ſuperior to any repaſt in the company of his own ſex."—For this compliment Lady Colville thanked him, and jollity ſeemed to pervade the whole evening.

Early the next morning Sir William, at ebb tide, ſhewed Lord and Lady Colville the ſituation the ſhip was wrecked in,

in, with the manner of their daughter's miraculous eſcape.

A week paſſed as a ſhort ſpace to all parties, except to Lord Dacie, who wiſhed to return to town, having planted a ſufficient quantity of the ſeeds of jealouſy, to make his abode at Howard's-Caſtle intolerable, — but thro' the perſuaſion of Lord Colville, he conſented to ſtay three days longer.

Sir William Howard acquitted himſelf ſo well in the eſtimation of his viſitants, that all were happy except the exceptionable perſon juſt now mentioned, who ſuffered in the extreme to find every perſon attached to Henry; who, (by Sir William's inadvertency it came out,) would, on his demiſe, be in poſſeſſion of twenty thouſand pounds per annum.—Alſo had in expectancy an income of an equal ſum, with a Ducal Coronet annexed.

Yet

Yet nevertheleſs Henry's manner was meekneſs, added to a becoming cheerfulneſs, that made him the object of univerſal admiration.

The rumour of the extraordinary circumſtance of the ſhipwreck, by this time had found its way into all the news-papers throughout the kingdom, —therefore drew ſome perſons of diſtinguiſhed rank to enquire into the truth of the matter.—The Duke of Kingſborough, accompanied by the Marquis of Languedoc, his Lady, and their beautiful daughter, were curious enough to take a trip to Howard's-Caſtle, —at which ſeat they arrived the morning that Lord Colville and his company intended ſetting out for London.—The arrival of thoſe noble perſonages retarded their journey, as the Duke of Kingſborough and Lord Colville were intimately acquainted.—Sir William Howard

Howard ſatisfactorily gave a detail of the cataſtrophe, upon which it was determined Lord Colville ſhould ſtay a few days longer.

His Grace of Kingſborough was happy in converſing with Henry Howard, who was his nephew and heir apparent, which, when Lord Colville underſtood, he was ſorry he had engaged with the Duke of Aſhbridge, Lord Dacie's father,—but as a man of honour he took no ſteps to retract.

The reader may naturally ſuppoſe, that in ſo polite an aſſemblage of notables, every ſpecies of recreation the country afforded was enjoyed;—a grand fete was given, but the ſeaſon was rather too far advanced.—The ball room was finiſhed in the higheſt taſte, by the exertions of the ladies and gentlemen.—Lady Olivia, the Marquis of Languedoc's daughter, was Henry's partner; ſhe

ſhe was a perſon of great ſkill in the lively ſcenes of feſtivity, ſo that theſe two bore the laurel of the evening, as well as the ſway of the morning.—Olivia was a finiſhed beauty, and had received what is ſtiled a good education in the Beàu monde—and therefore might juſtly ſay, what report of merit has ſaid, *Je le tiens.*—Miſs Colville had but indifferent paſtime;—clogged with Lord Dacie, who was but a poor ſubſtitute to ſhew the graces of the ball room;—ſuch a partner no doubt diſconcerted Henrietta,—who was brilliant in her manner, but had no means to exhibit to advantage.—The near approaches of a ſucceeding day brought them to a reſolution of changing the ſcene,—ſo that for once in the courſe of the regular practice of thirty years, Sir William was found in bed until nearly nine o'Clock in the morning.—Noon ſummoned the fatigued partakers

partakers of pleaſure to the breakfaſt room,—every eye ſparkled with pleaſure,—nothing impeded the general ſatisfaction that was diffuſed throughout the perſons that compoſed this polite circle,—for Dacie had nipped in the bud the ſprouts of jealouſy, that ſuſpicion had in a fit of malignant ſport dropt in his boſom.—The charming Olivia, by the conſent of all parties, and particularly at the inſtance of the Duke, was recommended to Henry's care;—therefore ſerenity ſat on Dacie's brow,—eaſe, tho' aukward, gave him her place.—Harmony thus beguiled all the ſtrangers in the weſt, until the hoary-headed month of November had taken poſſeſſion of the fourth day in his ſovereignty;—nor would the chilling breezes of the aged ſeaſon have diſturbed the happineſs of Howard's Caſtle, but that ſeveral of the gentlemen

tlemen had an intereſt in the wrangling of the law; and as thoſe who poſſeſs the qualifications of acting as ſcribes or advocates, are not always in a hurry to prefer the intereſt of their clients to that of their own, it was a prudent ſtep, in looking to the practice of the gentlemen of the long robe, ſo far as conſiſtency would admit of.—Without aſperſing the characters of honor and integrity that are the pillars of the law, it will not be improper to obſerve, how many quacks and illiterate pretenders there are in the profeſſion,—who, like moths in a garment, ſpoil conſiderable property, to purloin a pittance to ſupport their ignoble characters; to the utter ruin of families, who become burdens to the community, thro' the atrocity of ſuch wretches, who would be more ſerviceable in the new ſettlements of Botany Bay, than in the old eſtabliſhed

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conſtitution of Great Britain and its dependencies.—But thoſe peſts of ſociety render abortive the excellent uſes of the law of this country, by their groſs abuſes of it;—for their lengths are the extent of impunity, and ſometimes a ſtep beyond it;—but then there is a loop to creep out at to avert the penalty of ſuch violation.—Yet the evil can never be eradicated, until the mode of admiſſion is rectified;—as the candidates for the greateſt truſt, integrity can aſſume, are admitted, without any qualification, except having ſerved, or attended a limitted term of years, and then on paying a certain number of fees are legally admitted to plunder according to law!—a ſhameful neglect in the wiſdom of the ſupreme council of the nation!—for it is the gentlemen who bear the title of attornies, that are the ſet of men who want the pruning knife,

—to

—to act in the pruſſian faſhion, by lopping off three fourths of the ſuperfluous ſhoots and rotten branches.—The gentlemen who are called to the bar are not the active agents in the iniquitous practice of protracting ſuits at law.—it is the tribe of the foregoing deſcription.

All the nobility and gentry having taken an affectionate leave of Sir William and his ſon, they were at leiſure to concert what was neceſſary to be done. Sir William having vacated his ſeat, and a writ being iſſued Henry was elected without opppoſition; therefore muſt needs attend parliament after the Chriſtmas receſs.—Sir William gave his ſon ſeveral political leſſons,—to which he faithfully promiſed to concede in every matter he ſhould be concerned in. The holidays being over, nothing material occured.—Henry took his leave

of

of Sir William to give his maiden ſpeech in the ſenate, which was on a queſtion of national importance; on which he was loudly applauded in the houſe, and his ſpeech publiſhed at full length in the news-papers.—Sir William was not a little gratified in the difference of the modeſt account given by Henry in his letter, and of thoſe in the news-papers announced of his talents.—A few days attendance on the duties of the ſenate, gave Henry a popular name; yet he was not intoxicated with the plaudits of the multitude;—wiſely reflecting, the moſt luculent ſpring was by a ſingle drop made lutulent,—therefore he modeſtly refuſed all panegyric on his abilities which periodical writers held out.

About this time Captain Colville gave him an invitation to Colville-Houſe, which was within a few ſtreets of

of Henry's dwelling; his reſidence being at his uncle's houſe, the Duke of Kingſborough, Sir William having had no town houſe for ſome years. Henry accepted of his friend's invitation,—for he ſtill had a wiſh to ſee Henrietta, altho' he concluded ſhe was to be the wife of Dacie.—Yet it gave him a kind of pleaſure that reſults from the purity of mental faculties; as he wiſhed for the happineſs of the perſon who made the firſt impreſſion of a tactile nature, which ſhould now only bear the appellation of friendſhip, yet required a pandect of the ſofteſt paſſion to eradicate it.

But as before remarked, Henry had a perfect maſtery over his paſſions, therefore latitudinarianiſm was a courſe he abhorred;—ſo that he went with pleaſure to ſee his friends.—He received compliments from Lord and Lady Colville,

ville, General Mounſey and his Lady, Miſs Dampier, and ſeveral others, but was ſurprized he did not ſee Henrietta. —He enquired how ſhe did, was told very well, but was not in town; ſhe was on a viſit to Lady Ann Cateſby, the ſiſter of Lord Dacie, at Aſhbridge, the ſeat of the Duke his father.

Until this inſtant Henry was never at a loſs for recollection,—but the frailty of human nature, often, in a conflict with reaſon, is more than a conqueror; for every perſon preſent obſerved the diſorder of the minute, and was queſtioned as to the cauſe of his ſudden indiſpoſition, which he happily overcame in a ſhort time; giving out, that a dizzineſs, to which he was often ſubject, was the cauſe, tho' he was then under preſcription for it, which he hoped would prove a panacea.—This paſſed very well on all preſent, except Char-

lotte Dampier, who had other motives to germinate her ſuſpicions.

The day paſſed extremely well,—the General wiſhed to cultivate an acquaintance with Henry, and a future day was appointed at his houſe for the pleaſure of ſeeing each other.—Miſs Dampier, in ſpite of her coquetting, found her heart was not free,—that Henry had treſpaſſed innocently;—this was done without his knowledge, therefore we ſhall exculpate him.—No method preſented, as practicable to the wounded fair, to lay the ſtate of her grievances before her paramour, at length a letter was conſidered the beſt intelligencer;—for oft times literal conveyance will ſet forth diſtinctly, what verbal conference would ſhrink from.—Wherefore, courtſhip by letter is recommended as the moſt delicate method of introduction;—and where deceit cannot appear in more

colours than one,—ſo of courſe eaſily detected.

Henry was aſtoniſhed at the billet-doux of Charlotte,—being unable to form a conjecture that would carry a feazability in what ſhe meant, whether jeſt or earneſt; but in compliance with the rules of decorum, he ſent an anſwer,—in which an explanation was required.—The giddy fair-one judged the requiſition was beſt, if an opportunity ſerved, to deliver it orally—which was done by her calling on Henry at his apartments in his uncle's houſe.—It was very diſagreeable to Henry, to receive a lady into the houſe, without the knowledge of his uncle, and to deny her an audience, after admiſſion, would be likewiſe a ſtill more irkſome taſk to a perſon of his feelings;—for he found himſelf conſiderably agitated by the imprudence of his viſitant:—as, in females,

females, nothing can argue a greater ſhare of indiſcretion, than to degrade themſelves by acting maſculine characters, to pay thoſe viſits that ſhould be paid to them;—therefore, let ladies of prudence and virtue have that coercive principle, to avoid ſuch unbecoming ſteps towards levity.

A long converſation enſued, but the wiſdom Henry poſſeſſed was unſhaken. No advantages were preſumed, and much leſs taken, altho' a breach of the laws of prudence might have been otherwiſe handled by many of our depraved pragmatic heroes of modern taſte.—Here the ſcale was balanced.—Miſs Dampier took her leave, tho' unſatisfied as to Henry's frankneſs,—for tho' he alledged he was not pre-engaged, nor yet averſe to the happineſs of a connubial ſtate, he pleaded for time to conſider,—never offering to kiſs her

lips;—a pleaſure ſhe hoped to enjoy.—But ſuch inflammatory incitements often tend to the worſt conſequences;—a practice tho' faſhionable, yet "more "honoured in the breach than the ob-"ſervation of it," for ladies who wiſh to reap the advantages of this life, and that to come, ſhould conduct themſelves with the utmoſt caution; and doubt every thing that carries an appearance of danger with it.—But the lady in queſtion did not poſſeſs the neceſſary ingredients to avoid an imputation of cenſure, which is a ſtain to the character of a virtuous woman, not eaſily effaced, and often terminates in a flaw thro' life.—Thus the inamorata retired from an unſatisfactory interview.—However, an emiſſary was ſent the next morning with an elucidation,—ſetting forth, her ſuſpicions of his attachment to her couſin, Miſs Colville, with

with a recital of what he already knew, —the intentions of the parents of Lord Dacie and Henrietta;—hinting, that ſhe had for ſome time ſuſpected what ſhe feared was too true;—but her endeavors ſhould be exerted to haſten the ſolemnization of the nuptials of her couſins,—as they both were of the ſame affinity to her;—with ſeveral indirect inſidious words, which had ſo great an effect upon Henry, as to hurt his feelings very much.—He ſaw plainly what kind of a woman he had to deal with;—how dangerous it was either to encourage or reject her paſſion;—and that ſhe would not be baulked eaſily.—This dilemma put him to the *ne plus ultra* of acting.—An anſwer, as was required, was returned.

This ſingular circumſtance nearly deprived Henry of his vivacity;—however, a reſpite was granted until the ap-

pointment at General Mounſey's took place; a day of much buſineſs, as intended by Miſs Dampier.—The day arrived which brought with it all the gaiety and ſplendor of the town; it was that appointed for celebrating her Majeſty's birth day; therefore, the notables throughout the Metropolis, aſſiſted in paying their compliments to ſo amiable a pair as the nation is bleſſed with;—for the example given by the Royal Perſonages, is not to be equalled; and juſtly merits the approbation and admiration of every liberal-minded perſon throughout Europe.

The ladies and gentlemen aſſembled at General Mounſey's were very numerous; and in the aſſemblage, were the Dukes of Kingſborough and Aſhbridge, with the family of the latter, as alſo Lord and Lady Colville and family, conſequently Henrietta was included.—For the

the firſt time Henry ſaw the beautiful Lady Ann Cateſby, — Lady Olivia Beaumont, the lovely daughter of the Marquis of Languedoc was in her company; they were, with Henrietta, three of the firſt toaſts in the kingdom, each being an accompliſhed woman.—Miſs Dampier had a watchful eye on Henry, therefore he was precluded the ſcope he would otherwiſe have taken in innocent recreations.—The court ball called the whole group to St. James's, ſo that Miſs Dampier loſt her intended hour of interview, which ſhe fancied portended ſuch happineſs;—vain of the large fortune ſhe knew ſhe ſhould poſſeſs, (which was ſuperior by far to any of the ladies already mentioned) a pride (of all others the moſt contemptible,) took poſſeſſion of her ſoul; betokening a low taſte, an avaricious diſpoſition, and an inclination the reverſe of every thing a lady ſhould be. Henry

Henry was elegant in the ball room.—The ladies Ann Cateſby and Henrietta Colville were minuet partners;—Lady Olivia Beaumont a country dance partner; Henrietta then was a ſecond time his partner.—Having led down the dance they had an opportunity to exchange a few words.—Henry gave the argument or heads of the Chapter of Accidents relative to Charlotte Dampier;—Henrietta alſo related the arbitrary meaſures that were put in practice to gain her compliance to intermarry with Lord Dacie;—alſo gave Henry to underſtand, that he was not indifferent in Lady Olivia's eyes, and might expect a literal explanation.

Nothing further paſſed, Lord Dacie joining the company; being extremely fond of his intended bride, and tenacious to ſecure her perſon.—The aſſembly having broke up about three o'clock in the

the morning, the whole company who had left the general's houſe returned thither; not one, even amongſt the ſeniors, complaining of the want of reſt, as all wiſhed to *ſuivez raiſon*, ſo far as they might ſay, *Loyal je ſerai durant ma vie de bon vouloir ſervir le majeſté*, ſo kept the night in honor of the day, and the ſucceeding day in honor of the night, to make for once an excuſe *loyalté me oblige.*—Here it might be excuſable for *once*, but never ſhould be repeated; as human nature will not admit of a repetition of ſuch recreations as would prevent a neceſſary recruit of thoſe animal ſpirits which are diſperſed by the exertion of our faculties; for were ladies to endeavour to acquire a knowledge of philoſophy, inſtead of ſpending their time in learning uſeleſs foreign languages, they would thereby enlarge their faculties, and gain, if not

a precedence to, at leaſt an equality with the male ſex.—It is not the boaſted knowledge gained by converſing in ſeminaries of learning, that can give us a knowledge of mankind;—with what can the fuſty ſtyle of the Greeks or the Romans enrich our minds, when their languages are dead to us?—like many other antiquated cuſtoms, "more ho-, "nored in the breach than the ob-. ſervance."—Indeed, in any of the learned. profeſſions, latin and greek are only ne-. ceſſary to preſerve the dignity of the profeſſion.—Therefore, ladies who would wiſh to be acquainted with the writings of the greek or latin poets, ſhould read ſome good tranſlations, and they would be more than a match for thoſe critics of mouldy ſcraps, who pride themſelves in their unintelligible profundity and dogmatical principles.

It-

It is now time to inform our readers that all the company went from General Mounſey's, except Miſs Colville and Henry Howard, who, thro' the perſuaſion of the General took a morning's nap.—The afternoon furniſhed the tea-table.—The General and Mrs. Mounſey were highly taken with Henry, often wiſhing, that an union between him and Henrietta had taken place;—but as nothing in an honorable manner could for the preſent occur, all thoughts of it were laid aſide; yet with a ſecret reſolve on the part of the General, to bring it about if poſſible, notwithſtanding the obſtinate temper of his father-in-law.—Henry and Miſs Colville ſpent the day together with the greateſt ſatisfaction; their diſpoſitions being ſo ſimilar, that it might be ſaid they poſſeſſed but one mind.—The General preſſed Henry to make one at a card party that evening,

with

with which he reluctantly complied, fearing his preſence might create groundleſs ſuſpicions to the prejudice of Miſs Colville's character; well knowing, Miſs Dampier would make a handle of the leaſt appearance whereby ſhe could raiſe the anger of Lord Dacie; and by diſturbing the tranquility of the two families, conſequently diſable Henry from having an opportunity of converſing with Miſs Colville.—Henrietta let Mrs. Mounſey into the ſecret of Miſs Dampier's attack on Henry, which created a good deal of mirth between the ladies.—The General and Henry were both preſſing to know the ſecret, which Miſs Colville ſtrenuouſly oppoſed;—however, by the General's ſolicitation, Mrs. Mounſey conſented to relate it, if Henry gave permiſſion.—This requeſt he did not heſitate to comply with, yet accuſed himſelf of remiſſ-

neſs,

neſs, on hearing Miſs Dampier's affair was the cauſe of the ladies ſport,—as it was really imprudent in Henry to divulge it, without the ſtricteſt injunction to keep it inviolably a ſecret;—but he left no reſtraint on Miſs Colville in that reſpect, therefore he could only blame himſelf.—The General was very merry on the intelligence given, and in a friendly manner cautioned Henry againſt the arts that might be practiſed by Miſs Dampier, in which he was joined by Mrs. Mounſey.—Miſs Colville ſaid but little, only remarked it was too forward for a lady.—Company encreaſed,—Captain Colville being of the party, the evening paſſed very agreeably;—it was near ten o'clock at night when Miſs Dampier entered the Room; her relations were at a loſs to conjecture what could have brought her thither at that hour.—But the facetious General enquired

quired into the ſtate of her mind, which the love-ſick lady reliſhed but indifferently; apologized for her interrupting ſuch good company; and ſaid, ſhe came thither at that hour on buſineſs of ſome importance to her couſin, Lord Dacie, whom ſhe thought to have found there.

Henry felt himſelf uneaſy at the ſight of that lady, as did Miſs Colville, neither of whom had the preſence of mind to ſpeak to Miſs Dampier, who, with a malicious ſmile ſaid, "ſo, lady "and gentleman, you are both too "well employed to ſpeak," and then like a bow-ſhot diſappeared.—We may naturally ſuppoſe they were both hurt very much by that lady's odd manner of ſalutation, yet were at a loſs to account for ſuch conduct.—The General, by a pleaſant joke, gave Henry in a low voice the ſubſtance of his thoughts reſpecting the ſtrange viſit juſt now paid by Miſs Dampier,

Dampier, in which he coincided. The company ſoon after broke up, when no perſuaſion could avail, for Henry was reſolved on going to his uncle's.—On his leaving the General's houſe, Captain Colville accompanied him, and informed him, that on his coming to his brother's, he had ſeen Lord Dacie and Miſs Dampier ſtanding at the entrance of an avenue, in converſation with Betty, his ſiſter Henrietta's waiting maid; but on his approach they diſappeared.—Henry found there was ſomething in preparation which he judged was not grounded on honorable principles,—however, he truſted to the method he had hitherto invariably practiced, to acquit himſelf with honor againſt the united forces of calumny and perfidy; the only productions the machinations of evil-minded perſons can beget.—The Captain took his leave with a deſign to give

him

him a meeting in the morning at breakfaſt.—Henry retired to reſt, ſtrangely affected by the unaccountable appearances of the evening; caſting up the moſt that could be made of them, he found he had nothing to fear from the lady or gentleman in queſtion;—rightly judging, Miſs Colville's maid-ſervant acted as an emiſſary; therefore to inform Henrietta muſt be attended to in the morning.—At an early hour Henry's ſervant carried a letter to Miſs Colville, warning her againſt a breach of her ſervant's truſt.—An anſwer was received by Henry, acknowledging the obligation for his care; at the ſame time informing him, that her brother, on his parting with him the preceding night, had told her what he had ſeen,—upon which Betty made a confeſſion, that by a gift of a few guineas, Lord Dacie and Miſs Dampier had prevailed on her to watch the

the conduct of Mr. Howard and Miſs Colville,—for what reaſon ſhe did not know,—but believed Lord Dacie would do Mr. Howard all the injury in his power.

Upon reading the contents, Mr. Howard could not readily account for all the ſcenes of the piece in rehearſal. Preſently Captain Colville called agreeable to his promiſe.—After breakfaſt they went together to pay a morning's viſit to General Mounſey and the Ladies. Lord Dacie was beforehand with them, and ſeemed pleaſed to ſee Mr. Howard, and gave him an invitation to Aſhbridge, which Mr. Howard declined in the moſt polite manner, but his Lordſhip would take no denial; ſo Mr. Howard, after ſeveral importunities conſented, being ſurprized at the ſeeming friendſhip of Dacie; but with prudence reſolved to guard againſt every advantage.

Captain

Captain Colville, and the ladies, were beyond deſcription perplexed to account for Lord Dacie's great good-nature to Mr. Howard,—as Miſs Colville obſerved, from the beginning of their acquaintance, what a diſlike Dacie ſeemed to have to Mr. Howard;—but the General entering the room almoſt at that inſtant, Lord Dacie alſo aſked him to favor him with his company at Aſhbridge, to which he readily conſented, and enquired who were the others that were to compoſe the party? to this Dacie, in a vague manner ſaid, a few ſelect friends.—The General, in his uſual vein of humour, replied, perhaps enemies; Dacie ſeemed hurt at his joke.—Here the ſubject concluded, and Lord Dacie wiſhing a good morning, departed.

Mr. Howard had none preſent but his friends, for the Captain had wholly

forſaken

forſaken his intended relation Lord Dacie, and was cloſely attached to the intereſt of Mr. Howard.—Of the reſt, Henry had every aſſurance of friendſhip.—The national concerns required Mr. Howard's attendance in the Houſe of Commons, and he of courſe took an early leave;—Miſs Colville was under the neceſſity of attending her mother, who was indiſpoſed;—the Captain bearing her company, the General and his lady were left alone.—In the evening, Miſs Dampier paid them a viſit in ſeeming good ſpirits, and made kind enquiries for Mr. Howard, who ſhe ſaid was a gentleman of diſtinguiſhed abilities; to this Mrs. Mounſey made no reply, the General withdrawing previous to her *entrée*.—"But," continued Miſs Dampier, "is "it not provoking, that my couſin "Henrietta will at all times conduct "herſelf ſo imprudently, as to ſhun

"Lord

"Lord Dacie's company, if Mr. How-
"ard's can be reſorted to?—this is not
"becoming, notwithſtanding all her
"boaſted religion."—"Pray, Madam,"
replied Mrs. Mounſey, "do not give
"yourſelf the liberty to aſperſe an ab-
"ſent character, eſpecially one who is
"undeſerving of the venom you would
"willingly diſcharge; I beg you will
"not cenſure my ſiſter."—Theſe words
rouſed the fiery diſpoſition of Charlotte;
ſhe in an elevated tone rejoined, by aſk-
ing Mrs. Mounſey if ſhe could deny what
ſhe had aſſerted? if not, then Mrs.
Mounſey was equally culpable, to con-
nive at ſuch duplicity.

Mrs. Mounſey took little notice of her
invective, but intreated her to chuſe
ſome other time, when the perſon whom
ſhe inveighed againſt might be preſent;
to theſe words Charlotte made no reply,
but haſtily withdrew, ſounding the
door

door as ſhe went out, ſignifying thereby the humour ſhe was in.

No change in the condition of affairs took place for ſome days.—Mr. Howard, in company with General Mounſey and Captain Colville, paid Lord Dacie the promiſed viſit; Lord Colville, Lady Colville, Henrietta, and Mrs. Mounſey having gone ſome hours previous.—In this viſit nothing material happened until the cloſe of the evening, when Mr. Howard wiſhed to return to town, which was oppoſed in a friendly manner by Lord Dacie, and the Duke and Dutcheſs of Aſhbridge, upon ſerious grounds, as they expreſſed.—Mr. Howard upon their entreaties conſented to give over his intentions until the next morning.—Wine went round in rather a mercurial revolution, therefore too quick in its motion for the temperate habit of Henry.—After the male characters were

warm,

warm, and the ladies retired, the Duke propoſed to Mr. Howard a treaty of alliance, not offenſively and defenſively, as ſtates and powers propoſe, but that of father and ſon; in ſhort, an invitation to pay his addreſſes to Lady Ann.—This was a delicate point with Mr. Howard; he was conſcious the lady in queſtion was equal to his expectations; and of perſonage, family, and fortune, to rank with the firſt lady in the kingdom;—her youth and beauty could not be diſputed, therefore a ſuitable reply was abſolutely neceſſary.—For a minute he pauſed, and then, with the utmoſt courteſy thanked the noble Duke for the intended honor, but remarked, that there were ſeveral conſiderable matters to be ſettled previous to his being able to ſtate a time wherein he could ſay he was prepared to pay his addreſſes to the lady; as his father, Sir William Howard,

was

was a man of that ſtrictneſs and regularity, that nothing could palliate the crime he would think him guilty of, were he to enter into any preliminary without his leave and approbation:—And that he ſhould with pleaſure lay before him, the whole of the buſineſs, if his Grace thought proper.—This Mr. Howard conſidered as a ſure method of parrying for the preſent any ſcheme that might be propoſed; as he had in mind the advice in Miſs Colville's letter, which conjured him to act with caution during his ſtay at Aſhbridge; ſhe being careful of his perſon, and doubtful of his ſafety, where Lord Dacie could act without control.—It may be urged, what could a gentleman of Mr. Howard's rank and fortune fear, when ſurrounded by his friends, at the ſeat of a man of faſhion, a ſmall diſtance from the metropolis?—To this every prudent

prudent perſon, who has read of the oddities of Lord Dacie's character, (his mind ſtocked with the malignant plants of envy and jealouſy, the latter of which had ſhed its baleful ſeeds in ſuch a prolific ſoil, that it was beyond all ſkill to eradicate the evil,) will readily admit, that if they recur to the former occurrences, his ſafety was really doubtful; which will hereafter explain the propriety of the conſtant uſe of the aid of prudence,—for Lord Dacie here put it to the teſt, with an irregular ſubterfuge, by obſerving, that Mr. Howard looked for more weight in the ſcale of Plutus; adding, he was certain Sir William Howard had not the power to ſubjugate him in every tranſaction, as a living witneſs could teſtify.—On his uttering theſe laſt words, the company were ſomewhat alarmed, by the groſs manner of Lord Dacie's breach of order, to a ſelect

ſelect party of his friends;—but Mr. Howard, in a cool determinate voice, requeſted to know the meaning of his pun, adding, in a peremptory tone, it was an improper time to uſe ſuch a ſpecies of language; but he muſt inſiſt on an explanation.—No reply was given by Lord Dacie, but a laugh, with which he ſlunk out of the room.—It was now too late to think of Town,—beſides, as the utmoſt harmony had hitherto reigned, Henry was careful to be on the moſt delicate forms of politeneſs, to continue it.

Soon after Lord Dacie returned, and in a light manner wiſhed to retract his words, ſaying, it was but freedom of ſpeech.—The General, caſting his eye on his Lordſhip, with a ſarcaſtic ſmile, replied, it was freedom indeed!—Here the affair dropt.—Tea and cards came in ſucceſſion;—the caſt of partners, were Mr.

Howard and Miſs Colville, Lord Dacie and Miſs Dampier, Captain Colville and Lady Anne Cateſby.—This work of chance, as it may be called, in coupling them in this manner, gave Lord Dacie all the ſowerneſs he could decently ſupport, without an open revolt from honor.—Succeſs dealt to Mr. Howard and his partner in a great meaſure; tho' nothing very conſiderable was hazarded by any of the parties, it was a ſufficient cauſe to raiſe a diſpute;—Miſs Dampier alledged an unfair method was practiced, in which ſhe was ſeconded by Lord Dacie;—diſcontent ſtalked with gigantic ſtrides, therefore pretexts of the moſt trivial kind were ſufficient incitements;—the amuſement was marred—upon which the play ended, but not without very loud complaints of irregularity, wherein Mr. Howard and Miſs Colville were tacit, plainly perceiving,

every

every trifle gave offence.—Mr. Howard got up and walked into the court-yard, but had ſcarce got acroſs, before he received the contents of a piſtol in the tip of his ſhoulder, which wounded him in two places, tho' very ſlightly.

The report of the piſtol drew out the male part of the company, who were not afraid of danger, in the foremoſt of whom were Captain Colville and General Mounſey; when, on ſeeing the condition of Mr. Howard, they were aſtoniſhed to the greateſt degree, and unable to conjecture what could have produced ſo ſtrange an incident,—as Lord Dacie, and all his domeſtics, were within doors at the time.—However, his Lordſhip did not go without cenſure, —notwithſtanding he was (ſeemingly) the moſt ſurpriſed of any perſon preſent;—repeatedly aſking Mr. Howard, what appearance the ruffian or ruffians

had, who had ſo Tartar-like aſſaulted him?—Mr. Howard gave the deſcription of a ſoldier, or a man habited as one.—By this time the ladies were made acquainted, by ſome of the affrighted female ſervants, that Mr. Howard was ſhot dead!—This tale had nearly proved fatal to Miſs Colville, throwing her into a ſtate of inſenſibility, which was ſucceeded by a violent paroxyſm, in which ſhe called on Mr. Howard's name repeatedly; but through the greateſt attention ſhe was reſtored to her ſenſes, tho' not before ſeveral hours had elapſed, and ſhe had a ſight of Mr. Howard, who told her his wounds were ſlight.—During this unhappy ſtir in the family at Aſhbridge, Miſs Dampier and Lord Dacie were both active in the miſery of the night.—Miſs Dampier had a violent convulſion fit on hearing of the accident that befel Mr. Howard, for ſhe ſincerely loved

loved him, and would of courſe, (according to the law of love) rather have ſeen him in the grave, than in the arms of another.—Lord Dacie felt ſufficiently, on hearing Miſs Colville at intervals call, in her agony, on the name of Henry, in a rapturous manner;—it was a rack to his very ſoul!—a ſenſation unutterable! for his pain was in the moſt exquiſite degree acute, and grievous to be borne;—but the authors of evil are the greateſt partakers of its malignant influence; for he who culls poiſon for the diſpatch of others, rarely eſcapes himſelf. In Dacie this maxim was verified; for tho' God gives his ſun-ſhine and rain to the juſt and unjuſt, yet he has alſo ſaid, "that the worker of iniquity ſhall periſh by his own ſtratagems."—To proceed,—Mr. Howard's wounds, which were very trifling, were dreſſed by a ſurgeon procured for that purpoſe,

yet a fever was feared as attendant; therefore it was judged neceſſary that he ſhould keep to his room for a few days. To this Henry ſtrongly objected, but was over ruled, and conſtrained by every perſon preſent; and to preſerve a life of ſuch eminent virtues, it was unanimouſly agreed on, that none of the Company ſhould depart until he was able to go to town —This was General Mounſey's care, for tho' he left his domeſtics without orders for a ſingle day's abſence, yet his friend bore that eſtimation, that nothing could preclude his utmoſt attention. In this plan he was moſt heartily ſeconded by Captain Colville, who foreſaw his ſiſter's happineſs exiſted in the ſafety of the worthy Howard, whom he now regarded as a near relation.

Lord Colville and his Lady were very aſſiduous during Mr. Howard's con-

confinement; but the ladies, one and all, conſtantly, notwithſtanding the doctor's advice to the contrary, kept him company the greateſt part of the time.

The affair reſpecting Miſs Dampier and Miſs Colville during this period widened the breach; they were now relations it is true, but no longer friends, for Miſs Dampier openly claimed ſomething more than modeſty could produce, or decency can relate, of an intereſt in Mr. Howard; but leaſt our readers ſhould be inclined to think him deſerving of cenſure in that reſpect, I ſhall obſerve, Mr. Howard's morals were pure and uncorrupt, never having aſſayed to overſtep the bounds of virtue and religion.—The ladies were hereupon inclined to think leſs favorable of Miſs Dampier; ſo that her pretext only diſappointed her in thoſe ſteps ſhe took in a moſt unwarrantable aſſertion, to ſecure

to

to her the teſt of truth by a palpable falſehood,—a method that always proves futile.—During thoſe ſtrange ſingularities, a diſagreeable piece of news was ſet forth in all the public papers,—that Mr. Howard had recently been married to Miſs Dampier, and had gone to Aſhbridge to ſolemnize their nuptials, and on the day after was murdered by Lord Dacie's ruffians.—This report in a newspaper preſented itſelf to Sir William Howard, as he ſat down to breakfaſt at Howard-Caſtle.—But who can expreſs the ſurpriſe, vexation, and grief of that truly great and good man!—David on the fall of Abſalom, did not feel more, tho' their feelings were nearly allied; for Sir William conceived his ſon guilty of rebellion, in entering into ſuch a ſtate without his approbation, and that Divine vengeance purſued him for ſuch a violation of his duty! It behoves both

ſexes

ſexes ſeriouſly to reflect, that to reject the advice, or to contract marriage without the conſent and approbation of parents, is a direct violation of God's command ment; and will certainly draw down a puniſhment adequate to ſo enormous a crime. On this occaſion Sir William loſt no time;—day and night forwarded him; ſo that little more than thirty hours, brought him more than two hundred miles.—He never reſted until he alighted at Aſhbridge, enquired for, heard, and ſoon had a ſight of his ſon.—Surpriſe never wore a face of greater appearance of wonder, than on the worthy father and his worthy ſon ſeeing each other; a kind of ſuſpicion of the reality of the ſcene haunted the minds of them both; when the good natured General ſhook the Baronet's hand, and on his requeſt the good man ſhewed the print that had given him ſo much

un-

uneaſineſs, begging to know how much of it was true;—all of which was refuted, to the great ſatisfaction of the father of this amiable young man, who was now able to ſet up, and judged to be out of danger of any feveriſh attack.

As ſoon as Sir William Howard had heard the whole ſtory, he rendered thanks to the Deity for preſerving the life of his ſon in the hour of danger;—however, the friends of Henry were unanimous in cenſuring Lord Dacie.—The Duke of Kingſborough was rigid in his opinion of the diſhonorable turn of his Lordſhip; not concealing his prejudice from the Duke of Aſhbridge.—It was now the uſual hour in which he daily viſited his nephew; for ſince the accident, he was punctual in his attendance to ſecure the ſafety of Henry, until he ſhould be able to remove him to town.—Therefore, the Duke opportunely

tunely viſited him in the very hour of his father's arrival.—The Duke was aſtoniſhed at the preſence of Sir William Howard,—"Brother," ſaid he, "in the "name of wonder, what enchantment "has conjured you hither?"—but on Sir William's reply, and a ſight of the news-paper, his ſurpriſe ceaſed in that reſpect; tho' it encreaſed on reading the paragraph.—Various were their conjectures; however, it was reſolved upon to trace it, as far as they could, and in the mean time to inſert a contradiction, which was immediately attended to. By this time the arrival of Sir William Howard was made known to the Duke and Dutcheſs of Aſhbridge, Lord and Lady Colville, with the other ladies;—a congratulation took place, and a hearty welcome to the neighbourhood.—In all the happy faces on the occaſion, none was ſo viſibly affected as Miſs Colville's,

ſhe

ſhe poured out her prayers to heaven, to bleſs her deliverer,—for ſo ſhe always termed Sir William, ſince her ſhipwreck.

Happineſs and pleaſure were ſeen in every face at Aſhbridge, on the arrival of Sir William, and the reſtoration of his ſon's health.—The evening did not paſs without the Duke of Aſhbridge's conference with Sir William Howard on the former particulars, which he had opened to Henry, reſpecting Lady Ann, his daughter;—it was a ſubject of mature deliberation with Sir William, who therefore propoſed a period to return a categorical anſwer on the ſubject. The next day diſmiſſed all the ſtrangers from Aſhbridge.—Mr. Howard and his father returned to town, with the Duke of Kingſborough;—and altho' every effort was made to ſilence the public prints,

yet

yet a doubt pervaded the town, whether the matter was real or fictitious;—but time, that regulator of report, gave the truth to the public in leſs than a month; and Mr. Howard received the compliments of the ſpeaker, in the Houſe of Commons, on his providential eſcape.—This tranſaction threw an odium on Lord Dacie, that he could by no means efface, to the ſatisfaction of thoſe who had entertained diſadvantageous opinions of him.

Lord Colville would have willingly broke off the contract, but Lord Dacie and his father perſiſted in having the engagement fulfilled; for the marriage articles between Lord Dacie and Miſs Colville were prepared;—a bond, with a condition thereunto written, having been already executed between Lord Colville and the Duke of Aſhbridge, ſubjecting either party to a penalty, to a large

large amount, which ſhould recede from the condition of ſuch bond:—however, *Six Months* was limited for fulfilling it, ſo that there were three months yet to come, to determine the point.

About this time Mr. Howard became an invalid, having got a new complaint, which ſhewed apparent ſymptoms of a conſumptive attack. Chalybeate waters were preſcribed by the gentlemen of the faculty, and the German Spa deemed the beſt for that purpoſe.—From hence aroſe a moſt pathetic ſcene;—Miſs Colville was inconſoleable on receiving the news,—altho' uttered from the lips of Henry;—every thing in idea magnified to enormity;—the time, tho' but one year, fixed upon for his reſidence abroad, was with her an age;—ſhe dreaded the impediments which his abſence would inevitably throw in the way of her happineſs; fearing the approach of the time,

wherein

wherein her father was to fulfil his engagement, or incur the penalty, as ſtipulated with the Duke of Aſhbridge.—For ten days, which was the term Mr. Howard took to prepare himſelf for his journey to the Continent, Miſs Colville was inceſſantly afflicting herſelf, on their being ſeparated; and foreboded in her mind, that the approaching period was to terminate all the felicity life could afford,—placing an implicit faith in the deluſion of her imagination;—ſo ſtrong are the powers of the mind, when a chimerical ſeries of the fictions which the nervous ſyſtem may oft times impoſe, are ſuffered to revolve with the courſe of progreſſive order; from whence may be deduced, the danger of encouraging any of the opponents of reaſon, and much more, thoſe of religion;—for hope is the ſheet anchor of all thoſe, who have faith in the regulating

lating works of an omnipotent being.—But we muſt make a ſmall allowance for the errors of love,—for it is a ſtrange paſſion, which alternately changes from its intenſe degrees in the zenith, to the nadir of human underſtanding; and overturns all the equipoiſe of reaſon, ſhould ſhe oppoſe the haſty ſtrides of the tyrant.

The day too ſoon arrived, which was to ſeparate two perſons who were really all they ſeemed to be;—doing to none thoſe offices, which they could not with pleaſure receive in return—Mr. Howard took a dutiful and affectionate leave of his father, who, with General Mountſey, his lady, Captain Colville, and Miſs Colville, accompanied him to Dover, that being the route he chote to Spa. Thoſe friends having, all except Henrietta, taken their adieu,—the affecting,—tender,—and

delicate

delicate farewel, was between Henry and Henrietta, love's dominion indeed! —ſighs and tears completely overcame the fortitude and reſignation of thoſe finiſhed characters;—but human nature is not without its frailty,—which is much better to be trivial and innocent, than the oppoſite extreme of ſo hurtful a contexture.—The wind was fair,—the packet ready,—and only waited for Mr. Howard;—dire neceſſity parted two perſons who ſeemed moulded for each other. So long as the veſſel remained in ſight, Henry continued on deck, looking towards the ſpot where his friends ſtood; during which time, Miſs Colville devoured with her eyes the object of her love;—reſolving, never to admit another to ſupplant him in her heart;—and earneſtly praying to heaven, to preſerve him, and grant his ſafe return;—hoping to effect her eſcape from the ſnares

of

of Lord Dacie, as Sir William Howard and General Mounſey had undertaken, previous to Henry's departure, to uſe their intereſt and influence with Lord Colville, to forego his covenant with the Duke of Aſhbridge.

An hour deprived them of all obſervance of the veſſel.—With a ſorrowful countenance Miſs Colville prepared to return with her friends to the Metropolis,—where they arrived early the next day.—Sir William and the General were not unmindful of their word with Miſs Colville, but proceeded the day following in the buſineſs with her father, in order to emancipate her from the power of Lord Dacie; in which they ſucceeded beyond their moſt ſanguine expectations.—The following extraordinary occurrences facilitated the buſineſs. —

Miſs

Miſs Dampier had, thro' her agitation of mind, brought on a fever, in which ſhe was apprehenſive of the approach of death.—The dread of diſſolution to an awakened ſinner, muſt preſent horror, beyond the power of deſcription to be delineated.—In this hour of trial, Miſs Dampier wiſhed to ſee Mr. Howard, and her offended couſin, Henrietta;—and upon being told of the ſudden departure of the former for the Continent, and of the latter accompanying him, under the care and conduct of her friends, ſhe was much affected, more eſpecially as a compunction had attacked her conſcience; and ſhe wiſhed to ſee her aunt Lady Colville, to whom ſhe confeſſed her malefaction in being privy to the attack made on Mr. Howard, at Aſhbridge, tho' the uſe of fire arms was concealed from her;—but that Lord Dacie was culpable, was without

doubt.

doubt.—She giving reference to the aſſaſſin, he was ſecured, and confeſſed his crime; alledging, by way of extenuation, the narrowneſs of his circumſtances, and the largeneſs of the reward of his ſervices, paid by Lord Dacie. —Tho' to a grovelling wretch, of ſuch narrow faculties, this might ſeem a palliation for atrocity, yet it did not leſſen the offence.

Upon Sir William Howard's being informed by Lord and Lady Colville, of the whole of this villainous conſpiracy to maim his ſon, as the hireling ſet forth his inſtructions were to that effect,—the wretch was permitted to eſcape, on condition of his tranſporting himſelf forthwith;—which the worthleſs being the firſt opportunity complied with.—As for Lord Dacie, he willingly retracted in his pretention to Miſs Colville; for his breach of honor and the laws

laws of hoſpitality were more than ſufficient to abrogate any treaty that could have been concluded.—However, by his, and the Duke his father's reſcinding, the bond became void, and was conſequently given up.—No words can expreſs the heart-felt ſatisfaction Miſs Colville experienced on the occaſion;—being thus delivered from bondage.

Miſs Dampier's recovery remained for a long time doubtful, having ſeveral relapſes of the diſorder;—but providence was pleaſed to lengthen her days, and ſhe retrieved her health, but was brought ſo low as to require aſſiſtance to uſe her limbs;—being debilitated exceedingly.—This leſſon brought her to a due ſenſe of her ſtate;—ſhe therefore reſolved to redeem the time, and ſeek for peace and pardon, from the wiſe and good author of her being, to atone for ſuch a black catalogue as her conſcience held

held to view;—for the diabolical ſcheme of diſfiguring the perſon of Mr. Howard, could anſwer no end whatever; but was the blackeſt work of horrid imagination, and an inſtigation of a depravity of heart.

By this time a letter from the beloved valitudinarian was expected,—which accordingly came to hand, and brought the agreeable news of his ſafe arrival at Spa.—Sir William Howard was mindful to record the whole of the nouvelle accounts, which he tranſmitted to his ſon;—remarking, that prudence and caution, were, under the care of heaven, ſtill neceſſary attendants to ſecure him from danger;—for that wicked men, can, in the moſt diſtant nations, find miſcreants, who for gain, would ſtick at nothing that wore the face of practicability.

Captain

Captain Colville was very uneaſy on perceiving a coolneſs in the Duke of Aſhbridge towards him;—and the manner of the Dutcheſs giving him no opportunity to converſe with Lady Ann, was almoſt a denial to his paying his devoirs to her, as had been permitted heretofore;—and on his taking his leave of Lady Ann, ſhe with tears repeated the meſſage of her father, which prohibited her the pleaſure of ſeeing him again as a ſuitor;—therefore it muſt not be, except by ſtealth.—This was a thunderſtroke to the Captain, who, as heir apparent to his father, Lord Colville, had conſiderable pretentions, and was in every reſpect on equal terms;—but knowing remonſtrance would not avail, and that the pique aroſe from the denial of his ſiſter to Lord Dacie, he could not heſitate to acknowledge it was the return of uſage, or what is uſually ſtiled retaliation;

liation;—therefore, a literal plan was eſtabliſhed, and the poſt was deputed to retail the meaſure of the tender paſſion; which they had with an ardent ſincerity nouriſhed, and which was truly ſterling in its quality.

Lord Dacie being now a marked character amongſt all his acquaintance, he found it a ſalutary ſtep to take a trip to the Continent, until the wonder of the day ſhould ſleep in the minds of the public;—to which plan he conformed, —ſo that a few poſts brought, in the packet received from Mr. Howard, an account of Lord Dacie's ſalutation at Spa.—This was not pleaſing intelligence to any of the friends of Mr. Howard, tho' they had in recollection the wiſe conduct and prudential ſteps practiced by him on all occaſions;—yet, a mind of ſuch an incorrigible ſtate as Lord Dacie's, muſt naturally lead every

every reflecting perſon to form a critique, not to the advantage (as to ſafety) of the former, or to the honor of the latter.—Lord Dacie was not clear in his intellects, and ſuppoſing Mr. Howard knew nothing of his former perfidy, ſent him a card of invitation,—which Mr. Howard returned, with a verbal anſwer, "that he ſhould avoid ſuch meetings,—"Aſhbridge intended tragedy was ſo re-"cent in his memory, that he could not "readily forget the performance:"—and added, "that he ſhould always know "the diſguiſe of a baſe mind, tho' ar-"rayed in the maſk of friendſhip."

This anſwer had the deſired effect; Dacie was rouſed from his lethargic ſlumber;—he was now convinced Mr. Howard was made acquainted with the whole of the plot.—Conviction in his heart pronounced the ſentence of guilt,—which in the moſt depraved of man-

kind, has its moments of reflection; theſe never fail to bring ſhame to remembrance, attended with bitter accuſations of conſcience.—Puſillanimous principles were naturally imbibed by him, which prevented his calling on Mr. Howard, to excuſe his percuſſion, in ſuch a villainous ſtile, as he had done; yet to complete his portrait, he wanted courage and ſagacity to direct him,—for his counſellor, Miſs Dampier, was abſent, therefore he felt a ſevere loſs in his plots, not being able to bring any any of them to maturity;—he of courſe avoided Mr. Howard as much as poſſible;—conſtantly retiring if he ſaw him enter the ſtate, pump, or aſſembly rooms; ſo it was a round of mortifying watchfulneſs, inſtead of recreation, during the time he ſtaid at Spa.—The evening previous to his ſetting out for Paris,

Paris, he ſent Mr. Howard the following letter.

"SIR,

"IT will avail but little, "for me to draw a caſe, tho' in it my "utmoſt efforts were exerted, to excul- "pate myſelf from crimes that make "me ſhudder at the recollection of them; "— of courſe palliation is not meant. "I concede in every thing report has "ſpread of the baſe part I acted.—I "can only ſay, I am now the moſt mi- "ſerable of mankind, to find myſelf de- "ſerted by every character of worth "that the circle of my acquaintance af- "forded;—for the dark ſons of diſſipa- "tion, who are too much of my own "ſtamp, are not of a nature to admit ſo "ſoft a ſenſation as pity;—and if my "pangs were made known to the moſt "ſerious of them, a laugh of deriding "contempt would be the relief they

" would afford!—If you can, pray pity
" and pardon the truly wretched,

" DACIE."

" P. S. I ſhall take poſt for Paris
" within ten minutes;—however, diſ-
" tance ſhall not deprive me of eaſing
" my mind in another letter;—to which
" an anſwer will be a balm of health,
" tho' chaſtiſement ſhould compoſe
" every ſtem of it."

Mr. Howard received a ſort of ſatiſfaction on reading Dacie's letter; his conceſſion ſhewing a compunction that reſulted from a ſenſe of his crimes, and the miſerable ſtate his wickedneſs had plunged him into.—Tho' his method to conciliate bore a likeneſs to artifice, yet as there was nothing to accrue from duplicity in his confeſſion, Mr. Howard readily gave him what credit, his returning to an orderly habit could claim as its right;—for minds habituated to

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the ſincere teſt of regulated truth, are apt to adopt the ſteps prodigality aſſumes, as tho' there was merit in acting on principles of integrity.—However, liberality of ſentiment is ſo praiſe-worthy, that it only errs in doing good to all, without examining their pretentions.

During the ſeaſon Mr. Howard was at Spa, nothing was going forward, that merited recording, ſaving what follows: Captain Colville was reduced to the penny-poſt for all his happineſs, —(Lord Colville having deſired him, on pain of diſpleaſure, to diſcontinue his viſits to Aſhbridge, or its environs) but love often leads children into diſobedience, which in Lady Ann Cateſby and Captain Colville was inſtanced; and if poſſible for degrees of compariſon, to augment their affection—*fervor and ardency*, were the the words of their mot-

to.—A new character muſt now be introduced.—A Mr. Ward, the younger ſon of a nobleman, who had juſt taken upon him ſacred orders of the church, made his appearance, with ſome friends, on a viſit to the Marquis of Languedock.—Lady Olivia Beaumont found ſuch an irreſiſtible attraction in the caſſock'd hero, that love's toil was begun.—The outlines of this honourable and reverend character were ſuitable to his function;—he was young, and in the ſtile of manhood, very handſome; a ſanguine complexion, piercing black eyes, delectable in aſpect, tall and genteel, his delivery the very eſſence of eloquence; whence the reader may conceive, he was very ſoon a popular preacher, and did honour to his cloth, by his words and works—which, by the bye, is a good leſſon for his brethren of the gown, for many preach one doctrine and practice another;—

another;—this is a glaring error, the notoriety of the fact, many experienced readers will no doubt admit.

This gentleman was a couſin-german to General Mounſey, who was ever an advocate in the cauſe of honor; ſo that Mr. Ward had in him a friend, and a relation of a fixed ſtandard; yet of ſo great a delicacy was this buſineſs, that a diſparity in fortune made his pretentions to partake, of a precarious ſtate, for the gown and his family allotment were but barely ſix hundred pounds a year, which with Lady Olivia's ten thouſand pounds per annum on the demiſe of the Marquis her father, had but a light ſound:—but love levels all diſtinctions, for Mr. Ward and Lady Olivia commenced and continued the proceſs of the Paphian God, with truth and ſincerity.

Whilſt

Whilſt affairs were thus complexioned, Miſs Colville was conſtantly employed in the care of her abſent, *beſt beloved*, having held a correſpondence by each ſucceeding poſt; but now the period was advancing to its ſecond moity, when England ſhould receive her favourite, with the bloom of health, which bleſſing heaven had wonderfully reſtored.—The ſalubrity of the Mineral Waters, and temperature of the climate, daily wrought wonders in Mr. Howard.—The following letter gave her hopes a lively faith, and ſhe charitably gave credence to its contents;—for, without faith and charity, even in Temporal matters, hope is but a helpleſs cripple, and often expires in a conflict with the gigantic champion of deſpair!

"My

" My Charming Fair,

" How can I in ſymbols expreſs " what I have ſo often, yet imperfectly " attempted, that is, to explain the real " ſtate of my heart?—I can only obſerve " I love! and live only to love my Henri- " etta!—Your tender ſolicitations are " now before me, wherein you expreſs " your fears of my ſafety from the " wily crafts of poor Dacie, for ſo I call " him. But, my dear, you may, I am " confident, make yourſelf eaſy in that " reſpect, for by his laſt letter dated " from Paris, (that voluptuous recep- " tacle of luxury which once gave him " ſuch exquiſite pleaſure even in the " mention of it, has now loſt all its " charms;) he ſays, in his complaint " of the burthen of life, (to adopt the " language of converts) that his ini- " quitous companions, which were wont " to touch the ſprings of his heart,

" in

" in deviſing new ſchemes of un-
" lawful pleaſures, are now become
" as ſo many imps of odium;—he
" ſhudders at the ſight of any of them,
" much more ſo if accoſted to partake
" of his former divertiſements;—and
" would immerge himſelf in recluſion,
" did his tenets of religion agree with
" the opinions of any of the monaſtical
" orders on the continent.—But here my
" Henrietta will ſmile perhaps, at the
" idea of Monſieur Angleterre poſſeſſing
" any ſeeds of the bleſſed plant of reli-
" gion;—tho Divinity has unerringly
" recorded, *the viler the ſinner the*
" *brighter the ſaint.*—Heaven grant my
" prayers for his reformation!—pray,
" you angelic mortal, fervently add,
" *Amen!*—In my next you ſhall have
" abſtracts of ſome former curious
" pieces,—and an extract from all ſub-
" ſequent pacquets.—Pray ſay hand-

" ſome

" ſome things of me to our little Junto.
" I am ready to ſpeak, or more pro-
" perly ſpeaking, to write harſhly, for
" your negligence in keeping the *ward*
" of faith and faſhion from me, as by
" my father's letter by the ſame poſt
" with your laſt, I find he is the *ward*
" of the *key* of Olivia's heart;—that
" ſweet myrtle ſprig, you flattered me,
" had a penchant for the invalid of Spa.
" But I muſt not reprove too ſharply,
" leſt my points ſhould rebound, and
" hurt me in the fall;—Je n'oublierai
" jamais—But, faire ſans dire. I am
" become a Sampſon in ſtrength ſince my
" arrival hither.—The other few months
" that are to paſs of my term, will ſoon
" ſlip aſide, and releaſe me from ſervi-
" tude;—for ſo I call every hour, that
" precludes me from the happineſs of
" ſeeing *all I prize in the world!* for with
" Boilieu, I ſay, je ne cherche qu'une,

" bonne

" bonne et belle aſſez!—I can only add,
" this little imperial common-wealth, to
" the governors of it, produces mi-
" racles in abundance; yet vice, and
" all the train of attendants that wait
" on that lady of unlawful liberty, are
" here, performing all her caſt of parts.
" I ſhall conclude, ma chère amie, to be
" what I now am, as long as vital heat
" and animal ſenſation of rational parts
" compoſe the faculties of your own

" HENRY HOWARD."

This letter had a proper effect on the drooping ſpirits of Miſs Colville;—ſhe returned her anſwer, giving potent reaſons for neglecting to mention the reverend character alluded to;—however, as Mounſey-Park, in Berkſhire, was the *now* almoſt conſtant reſidence of General Mounſey and his Lady, Henrietta was only accommodated with occaſional viſits from Lady Olivia Beaumont; for

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the hurry of buſtling ſtrife had paſſed to the goal of reſt; every thing ſlumbered into eaſy and natural interregnum of ſilence.—The months ſlipt inſenſibly to the ultimate, upon which Henry was to return to his native iſle; and of courſe was expected with joy, by all thoſe who had the pleaſure of Mr. Howard's acquaintance.—As for Miſs Dampier, ſhe ſpent her ſolitary hours at Aſhbridge, Lady Colville having forbid her to viſit at Colville-Houſe, ever ſince the fever had left her;—accounting her of too dangerous a diſpoſition to aſſociate with her daughters.—Sir James Dampier and his Lady were expected to arrive in England in a few months, having reſided in the exalted ſphere of the repreſentation of Majeſty at one of the Barbarian Courts of Africa;—and to the beſt of my recollection, at the imperial Court of Morocco.—Sir James was a plain

plain honeſt man,—his lady haughty and impatient; and what was the worſt in her compoſition, *Pride* was a *load* under which ſhe could hardly ſupport herſelf;—a burthen that has ruined the happineſs of many of her ſex.

In the latter end of September, Mr. Howard's time to return was expired, which gave Miſs Colville the very appearance of content herſelf.—She indulged herſelf with a walk, in company with Lady Olivia Beaumont, to the Park, and in a promiſcuous manner they met with CaptainColville, her Brother, accompanied by two other Officers of his regiment, a Captain Stewart and a Lieutenant Pearſon, (both of whom had lately purchaſed their commiſſions) who were very uncouth to Ladies of ſuch elevated rank, which Captain Colville took amiſs, repeatedly informing them, that one lady was his ſiſter, and the other a lady

lady of diſtinction, who paid her a viſit. —However, his words were as idle dreams to thoſe ſons of mars, imagining they were two courtezans, well known to Captain Colville, altho' in the conduct or appearance of the ladies nothing beſpoke ſuch characters; but ſome of the fops of faſhion, when a cockade is preſented in their hats, ſuppoſe they are at liberty to inſult every fine woman they meet with.

The diſturbance it created on the mall, (as the valiant Colville had given repeated proofs of his courage in three ſeveral battles, whilſt Stewart and Pearſon had never unſheathed their ſwords, except at the challenge of a puppy, or an incenſed gander, or ſuch like animals) brought together a crowd, in which number of curious perſons, the reverend Mr. Ward was included.—He readily recognized the ladies, and immediately

diately eſpouſed their cauſe;—and in a commanding, ſharp, and manly tone, deſired the Heroes of the ſword to withdraw; which, to proceed from a meſſenger of peace, did not come in a palatable manner to be reliſhed by ſuch proud ſtomachs:—the conſequence was, Captain Stewart, as a qualified blood, drew his ſword on the unarmed Clergyman, who, by the help of a cane, parried off the lunge, and inſtantly diſarmed him, to the ſurprize and applauſe of all the ſpectators preſent; and then with the cane gave him his deſerved diſcipline—Meanwhile Captain Colville rattaned Pearſon very ſeverely, who durſt not draw upon a man of ſuch courage and ſkill as he knew the Captain to be poſſeſſed of.—Words can ſcarcely convey the fright and agony ſuch a rencontre naturally threw ſuch timid innocent ladies into;—their ſhrieks and cries

eries prevented Mr. Ward from exacting penance from Captain Stewart, which he otherwiſe would have done. —A conveyance was immediately procured, and the ladies were attended home with ſafety by Captain Colville and Mr. Ward.

This ſingular circumſtance had great influence with the Marquis and Marchioneſs of Languedoc, who, on the occaſion, requeſted the pleaſure of ſeeing thoſe gentlemen at Pelham-Houſe; this was a favorable opportunity, and the worthies of the day, Mounſey and Colville were not unmindful of their friend; for Mr. Ward was complimented by all preſent as a man of honor and a man of reſolution, when neceſſity called for the aſſiſtance of true courage, in a caſe of emergency.—The noble parents of Olivia were charmed with his converſation, for he was poſſeſſed of all the requiſites.

quiſites that compoſe the man in a ſpiritual and temporal ſenſe;—Calumny never could point a dart, nor envy exhale a breath, that had, or could ſully his fame.—Mild benevolence ſat ſmiling in his road, for this ſon of the church was what her children ſhould be in manners and morals.—Yet, notwithſtanding his merit, the fickle goddeſs had denied him her boon, therefore little could deſert claim, more than repeated thanks, praiſes, and promiſes of friendſhip.—Here the reader may remark, that this introduction was an inlet to a future familiar intercourſe; for tho' Mr. Ward had viſited at Pelham-Houſe once before this period, yet he was partly a ſtranger to the noble proprietors.

Mr. Ward having done ſuch wonders in the Park, his fame extended to all quarters of the town;—the rude ſons of war were derided by every diſcerning perſon,

perſon; and heartily laughed at in their own corps;—to ſhew the world the teſt of their courage, was a thing ſo horrid in the ideas of thoſe ſqueamiſh heroes, that they gave up every pretention to it.—But ſome arch wags who had an aſcendency over Captain Stewart, adviſed him to vindicate his *honor*, by ſending a challenge to the gownſman who had ſo ſhamefully treated him; alledging, that he would certainly decline oppoſing his perſon to the danger of powder and ball; and that by this means he would wipe away the imputed ſcandal of puſillanimity.—This ſcheme took the deſired impreſſion.—Quixotiſm was now eſtabliſhed,—a meſſenger was poſted away with the following card;

"MR. WARD,

"SIR,

"As a man of honor "you are deſired, on receipt hereof, "to,

" to attend with your friend in Hyde-
" Park, to ſatisfy the injured reputation
" of

ALEXANDER STEWART.

" Four o'Clock, P. M.
" Tueſday.
" *** Piſtols are to be provided."

To which Mr. Ward returned for anſwer as follows:

" Captain Stewart may be more deli-
" berate in his folly,—for the darkneſs
" of the evening, by the time I ſhould
" be able to attend, would prevent the
" ſatisfaction that is to be ſacrificed at
" the ſhrine of honor.—It may be re-
" marked, that I loſe my gown by an
" *acceptation* of your *invitation*;—but I
" hold it neceſſary to chaſtiſe the arro-
" gance of noughtineſs,—therefore be
" aſſured, any hour to morrow that you
" may appoint, I ſhall attend, not only
" with piſtols, but *an horſe-whip*, to
" bring

"bring you to a ſtate of repentance of "your folly."

"CHARLES WARD.

This unexpected reply of Mr. Ward's was a thunder-ſtroke to the fighting Captain,—his heart was agitated exceedingly,—and his pulſe beat high,—the fright brought on a fever;—ſo that Mr. Ward was troubled no further with the gaſconades of the cockade; the news-papers bore teſtimony of the ſeat of true courage (by publiſhing it) "to "be often reſident with men of con-"traſted employments."—The nine days of wonder were over,—and the ſtory ſubſided.

Now the time was fully accompliſhed that Mr. Howard ſhould return to England.—Miſs Colville, Sir William Howard, and ſeveral of his neareſt friends, were waiting his arrival with anxiety;—but all ſublunary tranſactions

are

are liable to tranſmutation,—for when our thoughts are pregnant with the created pleaſures of hope, which exiſt only in imagination, the limping ſwollen-eyed hag of diſappointment mars our propoſed happineſs;—cutting off even what we poſſeſſed, from the flattering yet all-acceptable cozener:—thus human happineſs, at moſt, is in a continual habit of uncertainty.—A former letter had given the happy hour in which Mr. Howard was to arrive at Kingſborough-Houſe, in Surry, thither were aſſembled the entire circle of Howardian friends; but who can paint the reverſe of the feſtive ſcene, upon receipt of an expreſs, which gave the aſſembly to underſtand, that an accident of a broken limb, retarded Henry from being able to fulfil his engagement; which accident proceeded from a haſty ſtep into the pacquet at Oſtend, (that being the way he choſe

choſe in his return, being ſhorter by many leagues than by way of France) a ſhattered leg was the conſequence, the fractured bones threatened an amputation to be neceſſary.—This intelligence threw a gloom on the aſpect of every face preſent,—in Sir William Howard it excited every feeling of a parent of tenderneſs;—he ſighed, and in his grief offered up fervent prayers to the Deity for the ſafe recovery of his ſon. As for Miſs Colville, her afflictions were beyond meaſure;—every phantom of her mind corroborated the doubtings that oppreſſed her;—a kind of deſpair poſſeſſed her heart, that ſhe ſhould never ſee the object of her love;—therefore, only to minds ſuſceptible of the tender paſſion, can be conveyed the diſtreſs of this young lady.

Nothing could be deviſed by any of the ladies or gentlemen that compoſed the

the ſociety of friends aſſembled, but a reſignation to the will of heaven, that diſpoſes of all things for the beſt, to anſwer ſome unknown yet wiſe ends; ſo that only in the lap of patience, the cares were laid: for all the anxiety that might ariſe in the breaſt of any ſolicitous friend, tended only to corrode with perplexity its poſſeſſor, and rendered no ſervice to the afflicted object of heaven's viſitation.—To repine is a ſin,—for reſignation and prayer certainly continues the work of miracles, notwithſtanding what diſaffected caſuiſts have advanced to the contrary.

We ſhall leave this collection of notables to the contemplation of their friend's ſituation, as in fact it really proved to be a dangerous one;—whilſt we obſerve to the reader, the turn of affairs at the Metropolis of France.

Lord

Lord Dacie, we have already noticed, kept up a continued correſpondence with Mr. Howard, therefore knew the time he had propoſed to return to the land of liberty, and had reſolved, if poſſible, to give him a friendly meeting in London, for which purpoſe he prepared his baggage for removal; but had, on the evening preceding his intended route, a curioſity to ſee the entertainment exhibited by royal appointment in the gardens of Verſailles. But an unlucky accident happened, whereby ſeveral perſons were taken into cuſtody, by the Maréchauſſée of the Lieutenant Criminel of the Chatâlet, for a riot in thoſe gardens; which ſubjects all perſons, of whatſoever rank or country they may be, who draw ſwords in places of Royalty, to an impriſonment of twenty-one years continuance. Amongſt the number accuſed, was the

unfortunate Lord Dacie, altho' his ſword had not left its ſcabbard, and he had only been a ſpectator to the diſorder of the malecontents.—To aſſert his innocence was left to future proofs, therefore he was hurried away to priſon, with the other Nobleſſe andGentry, who were the unhappy objects of the arbitrary meaſures of deſpotic power. The Prevoſt of the Baſtile received thoſe perſons from the officers of the Chatàlet, to whoſe unhappy fate we ſhall leave them, and relate what paſſed elſewhere.

The pacquet in which Mr. Howard had taken his paſſage for England, was, by contrary winds, forced, when half channel over, in their track for Margate, on the Breakers off the town of Helveot Sluys, and every ſoul periſhed; amongſt whom were ſeveral paſſengers of diſtinction.—Hereby we may obſerve, the favors of all bountiful heaven, whoſe greateſt

greateſt bleſſings we too often conſtrue into a curſe; ſo much do we prize the ſhort-ſighted infatuation of our ſhallow diſcernments. The friends of Mr. Howard, on hearing the authentic account of the loſs of the pacquet, with the tragic cataſtrophe of the perſons on board, were one and all thankful to the diſpenſation of Heaven, in ordering the leſſer evil, to prevent a greater.

News arrived of Mr. Howard's ſafety, ſo far as the faculty could conjecture, wherein the fears of amputation, or a fever, were removed;—the ſplintered parts were knitted, tho' as a compound fracture, the utmoſt care was neceſſary to guard againſt any dangerous ſymptom.—The misfortune of poor Dacie by this time was publicly known, for the news-papers announced the accuſation and puniſhment.—The Duke of Aſhbridge hereupon exerted all his court

influence, to find means to extricate his ſon;—but liberation is not a light word in France;—liberty being a coy lady in that nation, as well as in moſt of the Courts on the Continent.—By this, diſcontented people may learn, that the poſſeſſion of this Engliſh beauty, is the greateſt bleſſing under heaven.

This affair rendered the Court of London active in demanding a britiſh ſubject, who in the moſt plauſible point of view, was but a ſpectator to the ſcene of riot the natives had ſolely enacted: to which remonſtrance the Court of Verſailles attended, and liberated the perſon of Lord Dacie; yet not without manifeſt regret, and wholly granting it as a national favor, rather than acknowledge the innocence of his lordſhip:—ſo much for the happineſs and ſafety of the ſubjects of the grand Monarquè.

During

During this period, the ſcene of action was chiefly confined to Great-Britain.—The limb of Mr. Howard, which received the accident, now (by ſome alteration in the application) mended but ſlowly; and the neceſſary bandages, and the continued ſituation of an exact poſture, brought on a ſort of an intermitting fever.—This alarming ſymptom gave Miſs Colville freſh cauſe of uneaſineſs,—which ſhewed itſelf in a manifeſt change in the ſtate of her health, and by the advice of Phyſicians Bath waters were deemed abſolutely neceſſary; to which place, Lord and Lady Colville removed, with their daughter, for that purpoſe.

The ſprings afforded but little relief, it was the mind that was diſordered, and not any material decay in the body;—but ſo predominant is the power of the faculties of thought over the organs of action,

tion, that tho' the ſprings and order of mechaniſm is in the latter, yet the former comprizes the force, power, and ſpirit, by which they are worked.—Hence we ſhall conclude, a continual ſtate of watchfulneſs, in too an elaborate caſt of thought, had ſo completely vanquiſhed the refreſhment of ſleep, that for ſeveral days and nights the fair patient knew nothing of the pleaſing deluſion of dreams,—being without a deſire to ſlumber.—Therefore opiates were neceſſarily adminiſtred, which took a little effect, and of courſe the ſoporiferous draught was increaſed, which operated ſo powerfully, that an everlaſting ſleep was dreaded as the conſequence; for during an interval of two days and nights, no remedy availed to revive her from a ſtupefaction. All this time, Lord and Lady Colville were almoſt frantic, and the diſcarded relation, Miſs Dampier,

Dampier, was permitted to ſee her couſin; yet her preſence, or that of any other viſitant, had no effect.—Lady Ann Cateſby and Lady Olivia Beaumont were exceedingly affected, as were all friends who viſited this amiable young lady.

Lord Dacie now arrived from the Continent, and was, with the reſt of the Aſhbridge family, at Bath.—He ſaw the beautiful object of his once violently heated love;—he was extremely agitated, and felt in his very ſoul the moſt poignant grief for her apparent diſſolution.—But the only catholicon that can be applied in ſuch caſes had its courſe of application, that is to ſay, the hand of the Omnipotent power in the working of nature;—ſhe by ſlow degrees arrived to a ſtate of ſenſibility, and progreſſively attained the other faculties of nature.

The cynic proverb ſays, "that love "is a jeſt, and vows are but wind,"

which,

which, in fallacious minds may obtain verification; but in thoſe of exalted nature, where honor keeps the door of faith, it is altogether an erroneous principle. Henrietta loved, and yet held faith ſacred!—Lord Dacie loved, and broke his faith!—he ſaw, felt, and indulged a paſſion, that had led him into ſuch fatal error, and which he had pledged his honor to his friend never to indulge again;—but alas! what are human reſolves?—a blaſt of the impregnated element, and as light as the air itſelf, unleſs it is biaſſed by admonitions of honor and truth, two qualities rarely found in one perſon:—for tho' truth is eſſential to honor, yet honor is no guide to truth; and there is a falſe honor, that is more dangerous than the ſlippery footed jilt, falſehood.—For in what point of view ſhall we take the ſatiated prodigal, if he returns to thoſe vicious courſes,

courſes, that deprived him of all he poſſeſſed, when in the ſtate of his inebriation.

If the wretch reprieved from an ignominious termination of his exiſtence, ſhould again by evil practiſes, violate thoſe laws, which the hand of clemency had releaſed him from the atonement of, do we generally admit that his ſecond offence againſt light, knowledge, and experience, deſerves the ſame mercy, which lengthened his days at a former period?—I anſwer,—we do not:—for it would be a falſe aphoriſm, founded in error, and muſt tend to the manifeſt injury of ſociety.

Who can indulge an unlawful paſſion, and not dread its effects?—for love, if once it can conquer reaſon, is like firing a tenement of faggots,—it cannot be extinguiſhed until all the fewel is exhauſted;—therefore, why ſhould we

make

make light of ſuch a dangerous combuſtion, whoſe exploſion may give us cauſe, too late, to repent of ſuch raſhneſs.

Miſs Colville and Mr. Howard were alike in the ſteps they ſlowly mounted to obtain, priſtine vigour.—Great were the adulatory compliments paid by many male viſitants, particularly Lord Dacie, who was now admitted as a converted man; for his munificence to many was ſo conſpicuous, that a cenſure of oſtentation was iſſued forth by the general firm of *every body*;—and, as his compliments with Miſs Colville, came mal-a-propos, and was a periſhable evaneſcent, —totally an exotic remedy, to gain that lady's favorable opinion of his reformed principles,— in that alone was her faith accounted weak:—for this doubtful part of the creed of a lady, when a libertine is the ſaint to be canonized, is really good doctrine.—Pray keep

keep in your opinion and ſtill doubt; for to the daughters of Eve, not in this terreſtrial ſphere dwells a more dangerous monſter than an hypocrite.—A wretch that deſpiſes God, to deceive man!—therefore, let the convert by his faith ſhew forth his works, that by his works faith may be given to his converſion.

Lady Olivia Beaumont found many inconveniencies ſince his Lordſhip's return from the Continent; he wore ſuch a face of ſanctity, that the Marquis and Marchineſs of Languedoc were upon all occaſions happy to ſee his lordſhip. The worthy perſon of Mr. Ward was his firſt eſſay againſt the doctrine of truth,—but with no great ſucceſs;—this ſon of the prieſthood being more than his match in every reſpect: ſo that his Lordſhip took occaſion to ſhun every place, where he knew the worthy gentleman would be of the party.—Thus

by

by an outward form, to which his inward thoughts were in no wiſe ſuited, this miſtaken man practiſed a new ſpecies of deceit; but to many of thoſe who were acquainted with his former mal-practices it was obvious to be no more than a veil; tho' to the reſt of the world it was a cloak which covered all the vile nakedneſs of craft and ſubtlety.—In this maſked character his Lordſhip did not fail to write in courſe to Mr. Howard, who was fully ſatisfied of his Lordſhip's ſincerity; and was ſo far wrapped up in his faith, as to intruſt his pacquet for Miſs Colville to the care of this ſon of ſanctity.—But in this ſtep he was certainly wrong, for where deceit has been once practiſed, that perſon ſhould never be tempted to violate the laws of fidelity again.

The curioſity ſuch a truſt excited in him, did ſo powerfully work upon his weak-

weakneſs, that it was to him an impoſſibility to withſtand the temptation; he therefore formed a reſolve at all events to ſee the contents of the pacquet. Thus he fell to a contemptible breach of honor and integrity, betraying the truſt repoſed in him; which could anſwer no end whatever, but only to ſhew the frailty of human nature when it became depraved:—ſo that little heed ſhould be given to the returning honeſty of the ſons of prodigality.—To heal their tainted principles is as much impoſſible, as to reſtore to life the dead corſe that is in a ſtate of putrefaction; and it ſhould be a ſettled maxim with the inexperienced of either ſex, to ſhun the company of all thoſe who have led a diſſolute life; for as it is impoſſible for the leopard to change his ſpots, in like manner is the ſame taſk of impoſſibility to thoſe who pretend reformation, to be

be freed of their habitual evil practices, whenever they revolve in the circles of gay ſcenes of life:—for they will certainly fulfil the ſcripture phraſe "like a dog return to his vomit, or a ſow to wallowing in the mire."—This ſtate will be continued ſo long as eaſe and elegance are worn on the brow of religious appearance.—This is certainly a fatal miſtake, and a great injury to the cauſe of pure religion, whoſe words and works are ſimple, ſincere, and without oſtentatious parade.

The worſt ſtate a man can fall into is to make a mockery of that ſublime ſyſtem which begins at the heart, and reaches up to heaven, to enter the ears of the omniſcient being, who perceives our moſt inward or remote thoughts; therefore, it is more than madneſs to attempt to act the hypocrite, when our opponent is no leſs a being than God himſelf. Now

Now Lord Dacie having broke the faith, he found the ſecret of Mr. Howard's heart, which was an expreſſion of pure love for Miſs Colville, by which all the former bitterneſs of the ſpirit of rivalſhip revived in his Lordſhip's breaſt; he was therefore reſolved to make the moſt of every opportunity: however, he had no confidant, his evil genius directing him ſolely; but he ſoon found out a ſcheme which he put in practice in the following extraordinary manner.

Miſs Colville did not receive her uſual weekly pacquet, therefore was very unhappy at the neglect of Mr. Howard. Her conjectures were various upon the occaſion, as ſhe could not ſurmiſe what to impute it to.—Lord Dacie readily conceived the cauſe of that lady's uneaſineſs; he added a forgery to the pacquet committed to his care, by fixing a day, in which he mentioned Mr. Howard

Howard would arrive in England; and as he meant to ſurpriſe his friends, requeſted ſhe would meet him at the Devizes, a town on the London road, ſome few miles from Bath; that by his entré unawares, his father, and all their friends at Bath, would meet with an agreeable ſurpriſe.

This device was framed, as he knew MiſsColville went out daily in a carriage beyond the verge of the city of Bath.—He ſealed up the pacquet, and had it delivered by a perſon, as though he arrived expreſs with it.—The news of this poſt revived the lady, to whom it was directed;—ſhe felt every power aſſume its wonted regulation;—ſhe peruſed, digeſted, and then ſeemed amazed at the oddity of Mr. Howard's whim, as the letter repreſented; and as ſhe perceived ſomewhat in the difference of the hand-writing, and the ſtile of the lines

which

which were the counterfeit part, ſhe was ſtagnant in opinion reſpecting it;—however, the conveyance by the poſt, expreſs as ſhe conceived, and his ſeal to it, put it beyond a doubt as genuine.—This craft ſucceeded ſo well, that Lord Dacie was preparing all his neceſſary apparatus to put his ſcheme into practice, when he received another pacquet, incloſed in one to himſelf, and directed as before for Miſs Colville.—This he alſo broke open, and found by its contents, that in reality Mr. Howard had determined to return to England, on the very day following that which he had appointed in the pacquet already delivered, therefore, it made him more vigorous in his plan;—for he found it now wrought up to a pitch of deſperation:—for what was now done, he knew would raiſe a potent enemy in Mr. Howard, and expoſe him to the ſhame and

cen-

cenſure of the whole nation;—therefore he thought the plan that he had laid down, could he carry it through, and gain his point, the excuſe of an ardent lover would be ſufficient to paliate for the duplicity he might be charged with.—Thus were at one and the ſame time, three grand deceptions carried on by this converted man of honour!—He deceived the liberal-minded Mr. Howard,—the charming innocent fair, MiſsColville,—and the whole circle of his friends and acquaintance!—He was conſtrained to place confidence in his Valet de Chambré, whom he bribed to be *honeſt*, as he called it,—and poſted him to look out for a ſhip, bound to the city of Liſbon, or any of the Italian States. As for France, he had received partly his deſerts there, which raiſed in him an implacable hatred for every thing that bore the name of French.—This

truſty

truſty ſervant was a Portugueze by birth, therefore fitted to the work he was employed in.—He found a captain who would ſail the day Lord Dacie propoſed to ſieze his prize,—but would wait a day longer in order to accommodate his Lordſhip;—as his paſſengers were to be well paid for, he would ſtrain a point to ſerve himſelf and his friends.

The poſt brought a letter to Sir William Howard, announcing the day that Henry hoped to pay his duty to him at Bath.—This diffuſed ſuch a ſpirit of joy in the worthy Baronet, that he could not forbear acquainting Miſs Colville with the agreeable intelligence, at which ſhe *ſeemed* greatly ſurpriſed; yet imagined ſhe was beforehand in her knowledge, and pleaſed herſelf with the agreeable idea of Mr. Howard's frolic, to ſurprize his friends a day ſooner than he was expected; ſhe therefore was

amuſing

amuſing the cogitations of her mind with the pleaſures of idea, letting hope and an exuberant fancy ſport in her boſom, at the proſpect that lay before her.

Whilſt ſhe was thus agreeably entertaining her thoughts, the baſe-minded Lord Dacie was getting ready all neceſſaries for his intended elopement. The day at length arrived, and Miſs Colville, tho' ſhe imagined ſhe was in a few hours to ſee the perſon for whom ſhe wiſhed to live, had a kind of predeſtination of fatality, which affected her ſo much that ſhe fell into tears ſeveral times; this was obſerved by her domeſtics, who were anxious to know her diſorder,—but ſhe waved all direct anſwers. By theſe evaſions her women ſuppoſed her mind to be ſomewhat diſordered, and ſtrenuouſly oppoſed her going out that morning;—this liberty of her ſervants made her

her in a peremptory manner, command ſilence, in which they implicitly obeyed.

She no ſooner got into her carriage, than another flood of involuntary tears guſhed from her eyes,—a preſage of a particular change.—The coach went on at a quick pace, but ere ſhe reached Deviſes by three miles of the road, it being a loanſome place, no houſes or perſons near, a poſt-chaiſe and four horſes appeared, out of which two men ruſhed with maſks on, and without ceremony commanded the coachman to ſtop, forcing Miſs Colville out of her carriage and thruſting her into the poſt chaiſe, into which one of them ſtept, whilſt the other rode on horſeback with a loaded blunderbuſs in his hand.—The chaiſe drove off at a great rate, taking the croſs roads, and avoiding the town that was then partly in view, diſtant nearly three miles.—Previous to their de-

departure, they gave the coachman and footman, who conducted Miſs Colville, a caution to depart homeward to Bath, on pain of the forfeiture of their lives; —with which they readily complied.

Words cannot deſcribe the agony of Miſs Colville!—ſhe ſhrieked out, tore her hair, and in vain called for help, and then fell into a convulſion fit; but the raviſher, who had her now in his cuſtody, had no pity on her cries and lamentations, telling her on her revival, that as ſhe regarded her life, welfare, and ſafety, to forbear making ſuch noiſe;—and endeavoured to ſooth her, by informing her, that ſhe ſhould be conducted to a place of ſafety, and find a friend there ready to receive her, who loved and adored her.—She, however, received no conſolation from this flattering tale, continuing to vent her grief in torrents of ſhowers, that fell from her

her lovely eyes;—tears of heated brine of ſorrow, that ſcalded and wounded her beauteous cheeks as they fell.

The tyrant was relentleſs, and cloſed up the blinds, not permitting her to leave her ſeat for nearly twenty hours, having provided neceſſaries for the journey, which were in the carriage.—Of theſe refreſhments the afflicted lady would not partake.—The ſtratagem practiſed on her,—the dangers ſhe had to encounter,—the loſs of Mr. Howard,—added to thoſe of her friends, were burthens on her mind, not to be eaſily removed;—ſhe therefore ſaw in the terrors of her mind, every ſpecies of villainy practiſed on her,—but how to eſcape ſhe could not deviſe. With theſe diſagreeable reflections ſhe arrived at Black-Wall, near London, and was hurried immediately on board a ſhip, which was then making ready to fall down

down the river, and was bound on a voyage to Liſbon.

No ſooner was ſhe ſeated in the cabin, than the two maſqued men took off their diſguiſes, and in their perſons ſhe perceived, to her utmoſt aſtoniſhment and mortification,—Lord Dacie and his Valet de Chambré!—She was then, if poſſible, more miſerable than before;—ſhe felt every pang redoubled; ſhe then readily recollected the forgery of the pacquet, and that it really muſt have been intercepted;—ſhe accuſed his Lordſhip with it,—he did not heſitate to own it,—and only ſaid, he thought every ſcheme laudable whereby he could ſecure her in his poſſeſſion;—for he had determined not to exiſt without her, and therefore hoped ſhe would make him happy in a few days.—He would give her a week to make up her mind, which, if not favourable to his expectations,

tations, he muſt uſe force to make her comply with his deſires, as his intentions were honorable;—and ſhould as ſoon as they reached the deſtined Port, make her his wife, according to the ceremonial of the law, and therefore ſhe might reſt aſſured, ſhe was ſafe under his care, and that his perſon and fortune were at her ſervice.—There we ſhall leave them and return to Bath.

It would baffle deſcription to ſet forth the ravings of her parents,—her brothers,—ſiſter, — and Sir William Howard; with the reſt of her friends.—Henry arrived!—His Henrietta and his falſe friend Dacie, were both miſſing! He ſtormed, raved, and was in ſuch a frantic plight, as he never experienced before!—He ſoon diſcovered the cheat and trick played by the deſigning villainy of Dacie!—He made the coachman and footman who attended Miſs

Colville, relate all the particulars of the uſage of the raviſher.—A hue and cry was raiſed!—it was all in vain,—for no perſon had ſeen a Lady of her deſcription,—no Inn-keeper ſaw ſuch travellers,—all enquiry was without effect.

A week was ſpent in exploring all parts of the kingdom;—advertiſements made their appearance;—all the pacquets to the Continent were conſtantly ſearched;—every means uſed to find out the retreat of the ſtigmatized Dacie,—all efforts were vain:—So that the purſuers returned to Bath inconſolable, and ſorrow pervaded every countenance.

As for Mr. Howard, he wiſhed for death a thouſand times,—but had too great a dread to offend the Omnipotent Being, to uſe any means to ſhorten an exiſtence, which was given by God, and ſhould therefore be demanded at his

his good pleaſure:—For of all the catalogue of crimes belonging to ſinful man, none can equal that of ſuicide!—It is of ſo daring and preſuming a nature, to oppoſe God's will and pleaſure, as to leave no hope of pardon;—for as there is no time on earth for repentance, we are certain in the grave there is none.

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